

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

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THE CORSAIR OF THIS DAY CONTAINS:—			
	Page.	Page.	
A story writ for the Beautiful.....	41	Plunderings by the Way.....	43
Personal News.....	44	Lord Byron at Pisa.....	46
Fashion.....	40	Bubbles of a Busy Brain.....	33
An Extract from the Log.....	47	Fugitive of the Jura.....	33
Passages in the Life of Sheridan.....	37	Melancholy Event.....	39
Park Theatre.....	45	Paris Chit-Chat.....	41
National Theatre.....	45	Fashionable Science.....	33
German Stage.....	45	Literature.....	48
Poems of L. E. L.....	44	Secret Marriage of Prince Henry.....	46
English Theatricals.....	45	Imperial Parliament.....	41

“BUBBLINGS OF A BUSY BRAIN.”

Gentlemen of the Corsair—If these bubblings of a busy brain may serve you in the way of buoy or ballast, 'tis well—if not, why just throw them overboard—they will sink or swim elsewhere.

The story of the “Child and the Lark,” it is hoped you will recognise in its strange garb, and give due credit (if it be not disgraced) to the original translator.

Yours, very truly,

Harts Village, March 15th, 1839.

CYLLENE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LILY.

In the fresh joyous innocence of his young day,
A child to the forest went forth;
His cheek was refreshed by the wood's dewy spray,
Flowers kissed his fair hand from the earth.

Sweet sounds and sweet odors walked there hand in hand,
And held a gay dance in his heart;
The bulbul and lily were first of the band—
They were ne'er for an instant apart.

And no one could tell if the nightingale's song
Were breath of the lilies afloat;
Or the lilies themselves as they floated along,
Music drops from the nightingale's throat.

THE BOY AND THE LARK.

A child, full of young and fine fancies, walked forth,
While each dew drop a tiny sun shone;
A sky-lark rose warbling above the brown earth,
Her sad garb reflecting the place of her birth,—
Of the blue sky her notes had the tone.

She sung of the incense, from each flowery chalice,
Which the night had flung over the breeze,
While the honey-bee rifled its nectar-stored palace;
Her song full of joy and untinctured by malice,
Was as rich and as fragrant as these.

Then higher she mounted, and sung of young love,
When first the rapt soul loves to linger,
As among its fine chords strange, unwonted thrills move;
While soft sounds of rapture are borne from above,
Sweet touches of no earthly finger.

Still higher—yet higher—she now winged her way,
So distant, earth scarce heard the song;
But sweeter and holier now sounded the lay,
As she sung of the glories of that distant ray,
Which her vision now floated along.

But, tired, dropped the songstress—for ah! but of earth
Were the pinions which bore to the sky;
The red-bird looked on her, exulting in mirth;
The blue-jay too mocked her, as one whose low birth
Forbid her aspiring so high.

But a firm voice was heard, and melodious its tone;
“If the lark found the ether too fine,
She sought but the element God made her own—
Her eye met the rays which flow back from His throne—
It dazzled, the light was divine.

Earth may not confine her—her place is on high—
The songstress was born for the sun:
Prate on ye base cavillers—ye ne'er shall fly:
Heavenly bird, spring anew to thy home in the sky:
The boy shouted, “sky-lark, sing on.”

CYLLENE.

THE FASHIONABLE SCIENCE.

Among the amusements of the past winter, the most predominating with the curious and scientific, have been the Lectures of Professor Combe on Phrenology. All classes have participated, and both sexes made themselves proficients. Woe to the luckless individual who dared to scoff at the science, or at the results of its application, for to such perfection had certain

cliques brought the art, that to unbare one's head in their presence, was decisive of the estimation in which he was thenceforward to be held.

We know certain scheming bachelors, who, for a time, gave their attention to the mysterious art, and so entirely did it seem to unfold to their eyes the hitherto hidden obstructions to matrimonial alliances, that they at once deserted the old fashioned, beaten path, of love-making, and applied themselves with some success, in catering to the tastes and qualities which the developements of the head most clearly indicated to their enlightened optics. But, poor fellows, they soon discovered there were blows to receive as well as blows to give in the contest, for the ladies, aware of the manœuvre of their knights, brought to the aid of equal science, infinitely greater adroitness and finesse. While the bachelor directed all his art at the strong points of character, the more subtle she studied his weaknesses, and, leveling her fatal weapons at the unguarded enthusiast, while exulting in an anticipated conquest, the arrows of the relentless troubadour went home to the innermost fibre of his heart, and has not ceased to flutter his sensibilities “like an eagle in a dove cote.”

But, alas for the uninitiated. We are told of an amiable, sweet scented, blameless youth, relying on the fit of his coat and the decided ton of his air, who, bowing his way into the presence of an argus-eyed coterie of the disciples of the learned Professor, unconscious of the ordeal to which he was submitting himself, was suddenly made sensible of his fate by the Delphic response from the lips of the circle, as they all in a breath murmured “wanting.” Smiles and dimples vanished, as they pronounced the final decree. The struggle to overcome the impression conveyed by the tell-tale developements was useless. The youth was dished. The wit of Sheridan wouldn't save him. He tore his hair and bolted.

Shortly another presented himself. The coterie were on the *qui vive*. His head was actually steeple-shaped with the bumps of firmness and benevolence. The expanse of a lofty forehead betokened all the higher qualities of the mind. An exclamation of delight passed around. Smiles of beauty beckoned him to the circle; each attempted to elicit indications of talent, little imagining that the precocious youth owed the heighth of his cranium to the rickets in infancy, and the breadth of his forehead to the skill of his barber. To the old tabbies, aunts of marriageable nieces, the science has been most grateful. With a glance they decided the fate of all proposers, not perhaps by fixing their gaze on the same bumps that had delighted the “young things,” for to the experienced oculars of the tabbies, one developement, or the want of it, was enough. It was the “knob” of rapaciousness. Happy was the youth thus gifted by nature, and whose career and avocations had assisted in giving a prominence to this distinguishing feature. He was caressed, invited, soothed; the “snuggery” was not too good for him. He was a made man.

The bald-pated, gay, old bachelors were the worst off. Their faculties and propensities were as legible as if written with a sunbeam. In a twinkling 'twas all out, and all over town too. Poor fellows! Some took to scratches, others to wigs. Some feigned sickness and eschewed company, till the fever began to subside. Others took to drink, and swore nature had belied them; others patched, and filled up the valleys between the hills of fatal indications; and some grinned and bore the scrutiny like christian martyrs.

As faithful chroniclers, however, we must say that recently the community seems to be getting back to “first principles,” and to the antiquated mode of judging of each other by the evidences of conduct and conversation, even in those circles where, three moons ago, the boy with the big head was the centre of attraction.

THE FUGITIVE OF THE JURA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, FOR THE CORSAIR.

BY PROFESSOR HINKSPILLER.

CHAP. IX.—DISCLOSURES.

The business relative to the safety of his residence in this country, which drew Florian to the lofty and extensive castle of the royal governor, was soon despatched. But the tailors, shoemakers, seamstresses and washer-women detained him still longer in the diminutive and gloomy capital; for he was obliged to clothe himself anew from head to foot. He had soon visited all the curiosities of the city; and how industriously soever he roamed through its environs, and however charmingly the views of the vineyards and villas, beyond the broad lake, varied with the distant mazes

of the Alps, the days seemed long and wearisome. Relief came when he least expected it.

One evening he was perambulating that part of the city where the irregular streets opened to the shores of the lake. The beach was enlivened by numerous country people, who were preparing to cross over the lake, and return to their homes, and by the noise of sailors, fishermen, and other laborers. As he passed on towards a stone bridge, extended over the torrent of Seyon, which a few paces below empties into the lake, he observed a very small man, clothed in black, who was leaning immovably over the railing of the bridge, and gazing down into the dry bed of the torrent. It was obviously professor Onyx.

Florian, glad to meet an acquaintance, advanced towards him. He addressed him in vain. The professor would by no means suffer his meditations to be interrupted. At last the Prisoner gave him a hard blow upon the shoulder. At this the dreamer turned towards him with a wild, abstracted look, which suddenly changed to the liveliest joy when he finally recognised him.

"Beloved friend!" cried he, shaking the hand of Florian, while he attentively examined his dress. "You have undergone a transformation; I find it difficult to recognize you in this splendid array. What has brought you to Neuenburg? Are you going to leave this country so soon? Did I not tell you that you would not long content yourself among these demisavages?"

Whilst Florian was explaining the reasons of his visit to the city, Onyx, scarcely seeming to listen, interrupted him by pointing with his hand over the bridge down into the Seyon, and exclaiming with a voice of anger and indignation; "See, friend, the inexcusable carelessness and unskillfulness of the people here! A broad river-bed, walled up with blocks of stone, and filled not with water, but with—no, the world would never believe it!—with mud, filth and offensive mire, which, if the wind had not compassion, would infect the whole atmosphere with poisonous miasma. Now you must know, sir, that this very stream in which you can now scarcely see the water as it flows under the stones, at other times overflows its boundaries, threatening ruin to the city, devastating fields and meadows, and occasioning innumerable disasters. It would be a trifle, I assure you, a mere trifle, to dam up this stream and to force it to retain sufficient water during the whole year to supply manufactories and mills, and to make use of its surplus water to irrigate the land. A check thus put to the tyrant of this region, it would yield the Neuenburgers a revenue—I have made an exact calculation—of several hundred thousands of livres per annum. The expense of the works would in a few years be repaid."

"So far as I can perceive," said Florian, "this stream is supplied with only rain and snow-water from the mountain. What recipe will you suggest for the good or bad humor of the clouds?"

"Beloved friend," cried Onyx, "we are not to provide remedies for the heavens, but for the understandings of men. Below Valangin, where the stream between precipices has a deep and narrow bed, I would build a high dam, and construct an enormous reservoir; on the right and left I would dig canals and draw off the water to irrigate the lands, and to propel the waterworks below the falls; in dry seasons I would drain the reservoir by degrees, and—in short, I have the plan in my head; I am sketching it and committing it to paper, with all the calculations belonging to it—levels, ground plains and elevation, and the exact expenditures!"

The professor became so much engaged, that he drew from his pocket a memorandum-book, and commenced sketching with his pencil, speaking at the same time in so loud a voice, that the passengers on the bridge stopped, and soon formed a circle around him. Florian had much difficulty in persuading him to defer his explanations until some more convenient time, and for the present to oblige him with his company at supper at the hotel.

The latter proposal had due weight with Mr. Onyx, and as they walked through the city under the arched sidewalks, on their way to the hotel, Florian inquired what had induced him to make a journey to Neuenburg. The professor replied: "I have communications of some importance to make to the government; previous to this, however, it was necessary that I should have some oral communications with them. The business is, I hope, now in a good train: my fortune will be made; I shall then marry and take up my abode in this city. I love! you will perhaps wonder at this from one of my arduous and various avocations! I love the most beautiful girl in the world—I tell it confidentially—a Mademoiselle Delory. I am not destitute of property; but as the lady is of good family, and accustomed to all the luxuries of life, I must have a large income. In fact, for my own necessities, I am rich enough. But what will not one do for an adored wife?"

"I wish you joy, professor!"

"Ha, indeed! what else could induce me to adopt this city for the place of my future abode? Do you suppose it could be the sight of these cavern-like sidewalks under these houses; these Burgundian monstrosities in architecture, which I have so vainly thundered against, here as well as in Bera and Murten? Were these sidewalks or arcades differently constructed—were they extensive, broad, and high-arched, their magnificence would in some degree atone for their other inconveniences. But now they are narrow and low, resembling sewers built above ground—mere caverns in a casemate, where one can hardly make way for passengers; and where one's nasal organs are saluted by various odours as he passes from one house door to another. They render the halls and rooms of the basements dark and damp, and the chambers suspended over them, cold; besides inflicting upon the passengers by means of the various currents of cold and warm air, all the miseries of coughs, sore throats, toothache, rheumatism, fevers, and other evils. Indeed, I am apprehensive for the delicate health of Mademoiselle Delory. But what can I do? She is accustomed to a city residence, and I do not blame her; for in the Siberian cold of Fairy-steep and the Bayards, she would, like a pine-apple in an open garden, die the first winter."

"What?" exclaimed Florian, "does your betrothed reside on the Fairy-steep, on the Bayards?"

"Like an exotic flower, only during the finest months. In winter it would be impossible! Only think of three or four thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea, and twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur

cold. She would not outlive the winter. Indeed, I have jestingly promised her to people the whole mountain with fragrant Hermiones, spite of the polar climate."

With these words they entered Florian's apartment. The name of Hermione enchain'd every faculty of the young Prisoner. He no longer listened to the loquacity of the professor, who had ensconced himself upon the sofa, and was freely expressing his opinion in regard to the improvement of the climate.

"Professor, you mentioned just now the name of Hermione," said Florian, "remarking that you intended to people the whole mountain with Hermiones."

"Well remembered, beloved friend," answered Mr. Onyx with an arch smile; "it is not meant so bad as it sounds. During the three past years, I have been engaged in collecting a Burgundian Flora. It will be a splendid work. In this remote corner there are many rare plants not mentioned by any botanist. I have already discovered and described seventeen new species, and among others, a plantain of a pyramidal form—a lovely, tender plant above Buttes, with reddish white blossoms, which has never yet been described, and which, in honor of Mademoiselle Delory, I call Hermione."

"Stay," said Florian suddenly interrupting his friend; "Hermione then is Miss Delory? Does she reside on the Fairy-steep? Or is she there merely on a visit?"

"To be sure. In reality her house is in Lyons; though for some years she has resided in the vicinity of Besancon, at the villa of her step-father, of whom I know nothing farther. For the last two years she has spent the most favorable part of the season on the Fairy-steep; and on this account, my plant is justly named. The heights of the mountain are an appropriate home for Hermione."

"I think I know her. I accidentally met her by the chain, between the rocks of St. Sulpice."

"True, true! I have found her there myself, but seldom."

"Tall and slender, like a lily!"

"No, no! she lies extended on the ground and weeping—never upright!"

"You jest, professor!"

"Not at all! I am in earnest; it is invariably prostrate and trailing, the leaves small, oval and indented."

"I spoke of Miss Delory."

"And I of my Hermione. You perceive, friend of my soul, that I cannot call the *lady* mine, until I have led her from the altar. But, if you wish, I can instantly show you a dried specimen of my *Hermione prostrata*.

"Alas!" said Florian, "can you not, instead, show me a specimen of Miss Delory, a portrait, or something of the kind, that I may know whether we both speak of the same person!"

"That I can shew you, too, sir; but I could not, without sacrilege, bring it here. It is too late to-day to visit the ancient cathedral, but tomorrow we will go and see the statue of one of the countesses of Neuenburg, and you will swear it to be a perfect resemblance of Miss Delory. I believe it is the beautiful Isabella, daughter of Count Lewis, the last lord of the ancient house of Neuenburg, who, with his helmet and shield, was buried in this cathedral four hundred years ago."

"We will go to-morrow, dear professor. I envy you, if the Hermione that I have seen is your betrothed; though I am somewhat doubtful of it. I would endeavor to describe her to you; but where could I find words to pourtray the loveliness of her figure, the grace of her movements, and the majesty and gentleness of her eyes? Each of her light brown tresses, as it plays about her snow white neck, is a distinct and individual beauty."

"Right, sir, you have described her, trait for trait!"

"And you, my dear professor, are you sure of the love of this angel?"

"Certainly! Hermione can never hate any one; why should she hate me? I bring her plants, select the books she reads. I know she loves me; that is a settled affair."

"She has of course confessed it to you? Is it decided that you are to be her husband?"

"Sir, that is a delicate affair. I have never spoken to her on the subject; I have never dared to; I know not how to commence it. You know how young ladies think upon this subject! I shall defer it until the preparations are made; then the declaration, engagement, and the nuptials will take place at once. It is not possible that she can refuse me. I know her too well."

Florian could not refrain from smiling at these words of the simple hearted scholar. "But, professor, what if she should refuse your hand at last?"

"That would be astonishing! That is impossible! She knows how dear she is to me. And—no, it is impossible, literally impossible, I assure you! She always calls me her dear professor; and you are aware young ladies are not so very prodigal of their tender expressions towards young unmarried men! Hermione always takes my part when Claudine wages war against me, and that is of some importance!"

"Who is this Claudine?"

"Oh, a wild, flirting, volatile, saucy thing!"

"With flashing black eyes, the betrothed of the young Stafford?"

"Right, the same. The poor George will find himself married to a consumption; for young mockers will make old viragos. I never see her but she causes me a thousand troubles. She is handsome, but I am almost afraid of the mischievous girl. It is astonishing that the two young ladies should be friends, and live together under the same roof. But Madame Bell, Claudine's mother, Hermione's aunt, is a prudent woman. She knows how to preserve order in her house."

Florian would not suffer the garrulous Onyx to depart before midnight. He listened with as much pleasure as the other spoke, of the families on the Fairy-steep.

CHAP. X.—THE STATUES.

The following morning, as they were about to leave the hotel in order to ascend the steep road that led to the height, where, near the ancient castle, stood the cathedral, grey with the moss of six or seven centuries, they were met by a serjeant from the royal governor. "Friend!" cried

the professor, who had previously seen him; "do you wish to see me? Has he perused my treatise? Do you know what he thinks? Has he not given some hint about my work. Now deliver me his message verbatim. Tell me what the governor says about it, and I will tell you what his intentions are."

This time Mr. Onyx erred. The serjeant inquired for a Mr. Florian, and brought a summons for him to appear within an hour, personally, and without fail, before the governor. Mr. Onyx, whose whole being had been animated and enlivened by the breath of hope, was now equally depressed, while the round serene lineaments of his countenance became rectilineal, cold, and monotonous. Florian promised to obey.

On their way the professor called the sacristan of the church, who officially conducted them up the stone steps of the mountain, opened the door of the ancient temple, and ushered the strangers into the church. Here he led them to the sepulchre of the count Lewis of Neuenburg—a group of nine male and four female figures, sculptured in marble, as large as life, all in the fashion of the fourteenth century, standing in the attitude of devotion and prayer. There was in the countenances of these figures, the beauty of whose lineaments the touch of time had somewhat marred, a strong family resemblance. All wore an expression of innocence, dignity, and gentleness—those invisible charms that silently, but surely, win the heart.

"See, see," cried the animated professor, pointing with his finger to one of the countesses, the youthful figure which was said to resemble Hermione, "Was I not right?"

"Perfectly," said Florian, smiling; "if we call the power of optical illusion to our aid!"

The death-like stillness of the edifice, and the dim twilight which, penetrating the long, gothic windows, was spread over every object, together with the rays of light which, streaming through the open door, fell upon the statues, soon invested the mind of Florian with a feeling of solemnity. The silent monuments of antiquity seemed to his imagination endowed with life—the pale cheeks of the statues assumed a roseate hue, and the bosoms of the young countesses seemed to rise and fall with gentle respirations. He saw blended with the others, that which was said to resemble Hermione; but he fancied Hermione's figure itself in the midst of this group, and soon in the delusions of his fancy, every other object faded from his vision. At this moment the sacristan approached the statues, took from their pedestal a lady's glove, examined it attentively, and, shaking his head, exclaimed: "It must belong to one of the young ladies of Tuesday; they were here last; it must certainly belong to one of them. One of the strangers laid her glove here, and forgot to take it. Who knows whether they are in the city still?"

Florian looked at the glove, listened, and thought instantly of the ladies he had met. He described them with so much precision, that the sacristan reached the glove to him and said: "There can be no mistake; the larger lady, with the brown hair, laid her glove for a moment here; I saw it, but forgot to remind her of it, and it remained here. If you know her, I beg you to restore the lost article."

Florian did not refuse it; he felt a sudden thrill glow through his frame as his fingers touched the soft glove, which perhaps had covered the beautiful arm of Hermione. With involuntary respect he folded it together, and concealed it just as the professor returned from the backside of the church, where he had been to measure with his eye the length, breadth, and height of the noble edifice.

"I am filled with shame and mortification whenever I view this ancient church!" cried Onyx. "Always a giant's body with a child's head—a great turtle with a little head thrust out! It is easily seen, that when the fabric was first commenced, zeal was great and money plenty; they laid a huge foundation, and thought to complete the structure with a crown of towers, that should pierce the heavens. Afterwards their zeal flagged, their purses were emptied, and they placed towers upon it like hedge poles and sentry boxes. I am pleased with the minsters of Strasburg and Freiburg; the tower of Bern is too low by half; but this of Neuenburg is like a hump on the back of a dromedary." When the professor had drained to the very dregs his instinctive cogitations in relation to the architecture of the ancients; comparing it sometimes with a poet, whose enthusiasm at the commencement waned into tedious dullness as the poem progressed; and sometimes to children, who feared to place the last card upon the card house, lest the whole fabric should be demolished, Florian perceived that it was time for him to appear before the governor, in obedience to the mandate he had received. The professor promised to await his return, and, meanwhile, to discuss with the sacristan the comparative merits of ancient and modern architecture.

Florian passed through the little court, which separated the church from the gateway of the castle, and through the empty and spacious hall of the old citadel, over whose principal entrance the princely escutcheon, with the three silver spears in the red field, on a golden ground, and the stiff Prussian eagle, whimsically ornamented with the crown, sceptre and apple, shown forth in enormous proportions. The serjeant who had summoned him, received Florian at the entrance, and conducted him through the silent edifice to a noble and antique room. Here he was not long before an old gentleman, with a white powdered wig, made his appearance, and, scarcely returning the salutation of the young Grisiner, drew out his snuff-box, and leisurely taking a pinch, attentively surveyed the stranger from head to foot.

"I am sorry for you," said the gentleman, "but you cannot remain in this principality. Despatches have just been received from the neighboring French department, together with a description of your person. They demand your delivery. You have in the neighborhood of Pontarlier maltreated two French soldiers to death. They accuse you also of being one of those who instigated the peasants of the Grisons to rebellion, and to the murder of all the French."

Florian began to justify himself.

"It matters not!" said the old gentleman, with another pinch of snuff. "It is not our business to investigate the subject, but merely to explain to you the state of affairs. The relations of Prussia with France, are at present friendly, and to that circumstance we are indebted for our peace, while the whole of Switzerland is overrun by the French army. We dare

not give the French power any excuse or just cause for a quarrel. Our orders from Berlin are peremptory. Make your preparations and be gone. I give you this friendly warning. Within an hour you will be seized as a prisoner; therefore—go!"

Saying this, the old gentleman waved his hand, and with a slight bow indicated that the fugitive was at liberty to depart.

"I gratefully thank you for your kindness," said he, "but where can I go, if in this country I cannot find protection against the tyranny of France?"

"It matters not," answered the old gentleman, turning to leave the room, "you know what you are to do."

"To be shot or guillotined!" cried Florian, "that I know. I cannot go to France, still less to the cantons of Bern and Solothurn, which are swarmed with French soldiers. How can I make my escape into Germany, surrounded as I am here, by the minions of France?"

"It matters not! you know what you are to do!" repeated the old gentleman, looking back towards the stranger.

"It would be better for me to yield myself up as a prisoner here. Why should I, a poor fugitive, make a fruitless effort to escape, merely to prolong my life for a few miserable days? I fear not death!"

"It matters not!" once more repeated the old gentleman, opening a side-door; you know what you are to do!" With these words he disappeared, leaving the fugitive standing alone. Florian gazed abstractedly, and with a mournful brow, before him for a long time. Then suddenly raising himself, he hastened with rapid steps from the castle towards the space before the church. Neither professor Onyx nor the sacristan were in sight. But Florian, who had now other and more important business to attend to, did not regret this. With a heavy heart, but a firm step, he went down towards the city. At one of the open shops he purchased a Damascus blade, a pair of excellent pistols, with powder, bullets, and a bullet-mould. He then settled with his host, hired a wagon to take him to Locle and Brevine, arranged his baggage, and early on the following day took his departure.

CHAP. XI.—THE RETURN.

Florian's resolution was fixed not to leave the mountain solitudes of Neuenburg, persuaded that he could in no place be more secure, than in the remote seclusion of the highlands, far from the public roads, where, in each of the numerous huts scattered among the mountains, he could by turns find a refuge from his pursuers. He was well assured that in case of a surprise he could rely as well on the friendship of these people, as on his own good sword and pistols. As he was walking at the side of his carriage up the mountain, where the road in the neighborhood of Geneva becomes steep, he threw a citron high in the air, and shattered it to pieces with a bullet.

Perhaps, even more than a regard for his personal safety, the thought of the beautiful neighbors of Stafford on the Fairy-steep bound him to this land. He knew that he could in no place be nearer to the boundaries of the hostile people, from whom he fled, than when here; but perhaps its very danger made it even more attractive, as a landscape appears more beautiful amid the illuminations of a thunder-storm. He did not stop an hour at Locle, lest he might accidentally encounter a French spy, but riding on through an extensive, verdant, but unshaded valley, ornamented with country seats, and through the silent meadows and barren turf grounds of *Chause-de-Milieu* and *Chause-de-Cachot*, he approached the wild and elevated valley of *La Brevine*, where on the back-ground the long and uniform ranges of hills on each side are contracted together.

In the village of *La Brevine*, when his carriage stopped before the public house, he discharged his hired driver and endeavored to find a man who would carry his baggage over the Bayards to the Fairy-steep. He perceived that the traveller's room was filled with men, who were seated at a long table drinking wine and engaged in lively conversation. Among them seemed to be several foreigners, who in the fine season of the year are accustomed to come here for the purpose of regaining their shattered health, by breathing the pure air of the highlands, and the use of the mineral springs in the neighborhood. The sounding names of Suarow, Massena, Zurich, Buonaparte, Naples, and St. Jean d'Acire, betrayed the subject of their conversation. He turned away with disgust, and instead of entering the room, repaired to a neighboring churchyard on the right, and leaning over the low wall which surrounded it, gazed over the broad green meadow towards the hills and the heavens above them.

"Has this earth then no sanctuary, no solitude," he murmured, "which remains unpolluted by names, whose memory is connected with all the worst passions and all the miseries, which now afflict the world?" Is it not an insult to the majesty and innocence of nature, that the quiet and solemnity of these poor and happy highlands should be disturbed by topics, which for centuries to come will sicken the hearts of better men?"

"Is it indeed you!" cried a well known voice, and the arm of George at the same moment encircled Florian's waist. George, among the guests of the public house, had through the window partially recognized the figure of his friend, though the elegant garb of Florian nearly misled him. The friends embraced each other.

"I am delighted that you are returned," cried George; "now you must never leave us again."

"Like an angel you appear to me upon these graves!" said Florian; I shall remain with you so long as I dare; but I am still a fugitive on this soil. The rulers of Neuenburg dare not protect me. Therefore, I wander around like an outlaw, and must rely on the swiftness of my foot and the strength of my arm if I would not fall into the hands of the hangman and his servants. The authorities of Neuenburg have been commanded to deliver me up; and it is no secret that I have fled hither."

"You will be safe on our Fairy-steep, Florian, as safe as if you were in the moon. We have told our neighbors that you are a relative of ours and on a visit from Germany. That is sufficient. Two women only discredited our story. One of them is a half-crazy, singular, unsteady creature, whom we call mother Morne, old and homely as sin. She shook her head, when we talked of you, and said, 'your subterfuge is a good one; adhere to it. There are persons already in this country who are seeking him; but they must not find him!'

"I know this old woman!" said Florian; and he related his encounter with her.

"She is found every where," said George "but she is good natured and therefore she is not unwelcome. She is continually strolling about, sees much and therefore knows much, but seriously entertains the idea, that it is all through the influence of superior beings, or through divine revelation. I believe her understanding has been disturbed by religious excitement. She regards herself as a being of a higher order, holding immediate intercourse with God and invisible spirits. But it seems you know the other also; for she shook her head at our subterfuge. She is a relative of my Claudine, a Miss Delory. You saw her with Claudine at the chain."

Florian related his adventure with the young ladies. "But," said he, "why would she not believe the assertions of your father and yourself, in relation to me?"

"I hardly know! She took me aside when I had finished my account of you, looked at me with a piercing eye, and said, 'George,' for she calls me George, and I call her Hermione. 'George, why must you wrap this stranger in mystery. He is not from Germany, and I doubt whether he is your relative.' Of course, these words somewhat astonished me. 'If you cannot believe me, I answered, I pray you to feign belief. You know, Hermione, that in these days there are virtues, that must conceal themselves like secret crime, while vice itself stalks boldly forth like triumphant virtue.' Hermione, after these words, gazed at me pensively and abstractedly nodded, as if she believed me right, and inquired no farther."

Florian did not hear this relation without pleasure. He felt that he was yet of some value in the world, since Hermione considered his destiny worthy of her attention. And the thought, that at the Fairy-steep he should once more behold the beautiful being, who had so long lived in his memory, increased the yearnings of his heart for Stafford's abode.

The young men pursued their way towards the cottages of Bremont, running to the left, to the remarkable lake of *Etalieres*, whose waters continually gush forth, descend into a subterranean passage and disappear. When they were ascending the Bayards up the stony path through the pine forest, they were met by five pedestrians, who though unarmed, from their garb appeared to belong to the French military. They required the way of them, and Florian fancied he perceived that they eyed him with peculiar attention. He would have been disposed to regard this fancy, as the effect of a suspicious disposition, had not one of the strangers, as they again continued their way, observed in a rather loud voice: "That is certainly he?"

Amid friendly chat the two friends reached the barren mountain height, where at one view the eye embraced the numerous huts of the Bayards, scattered among meadows, pine forests, and rocks, and beyond the valley of *Vernieres*, the dusky forests clothing the mountain-side of Fairy-steep. The afternoon had been very sultry, and George was fatigued. The friends rested for a few moments upon a mossy rock, while the carrier of Florian's baggage hurried forward to announce their approach to the elder Stafford.

"By my troth," cried George, "are not these the same blue-coats that met us down the mountain and inquired the way? What induced them to return?"

"I think," said Florian, "we shall soon see."

In fact the very same men, who had but just before descended the mountain, now returned, and approaching with a firm step, remained standing before our travellers.

"Gentlemen, excuse me; where are you going?" said one of them, who appeared to be a leader.

"Down the Bayards!" answered Florian.

"Then we shall have the pleasure of bearing you company, and must beg you to guide us to the nearest magistrate or mayor, if you are not pleased to show us immediately your papers and passports; for you do not belong to this country."

"Who told you so? cried George, fiercely, as he scented danger for his friend.

"This brown mark near the left ear!" answered the soldier pointing with his finger to a small mole on the cheek of Florian.

"And what then?" said Florian calmly.

"You are an escaped prisoner and have murdered the companion of this soldier," continued the blue, pointing to one of his men, in whom Florian indeed recognised one of the guards, whom he had left near Pontarlier.

"The gentleman will not deny this!" cried the soldier, taking off his hat and exposing a black patch upon his brow.

"And what if I do not?" said Florian.

"You will go with us to the nearest magistrate," answered the leader; "for we shall not separate from you again!"

"Zounds!" cried George, springing angrily from the rock. "Do you know, gentlemen, that you are not on French territory, but on the ground of Neuenburg? You are foreigners and we shall send you home in a manner you will not much relish, if you commit any outrage on the high road."

"Hold your peace, sir," answered the captain of the blues with an impious glance toward the young Stafford. "We have to deal with the murderer of Disentis. The rulers of this country have consented to his delivery."

"But you shall break my limbs before I shall suffer you to commit any outrage upon the open highroad!" shouted George, and springing aside he pulled a stake from the ground. "Be off quick, down the mountain!" growled he, showing them the valley of *Brevine*.

The French seemed but little inclined to follow his good advice. Some laughed, others cried "stop his impudent mouth!" Without paying any further attention to him, they drew near the silent Florian, who now carelessly arose from his seat and called to his friend to keep cool.

"You will then accompany us to the magistrate?" said the chief of the blues, who appeared to Florian to be a *gens d'armes* or an officer of the custom-house.

"Sir," answered he; "I shall go where I please, and you will go, whence you came. I love freedom and equality, especially with you and those like you."

"Begone!" cried George to the French, "or there will be bloody heads!" A swing with his stake through the air seemed intended to add

authority to his stentorian voice. Suddenly he was seized by two of the blue-coats and held so firmly, that he could not move. When Florian saw the situation of George, who was writhing and struggling to disengage himself from this unexpected confinement, he cried with a voice like a lion, "Let him go!" With these words he gave the captain so violent a kick, that the tall gentleman losing alike his breath and his equilibrium, staggered backwards three steps, and then crashed like a felled pine to the ground. At the same moment with a powerful grasp he seized the other soldiers, who stood, the one on his right and the other on his left hand, by their breast and shoulders, and hurled them to the earth so furiously, that the ground echoed and the dust arose. One lay as if dead. The other hurried by the impetus of his fall rolled like a cylinder down the ridge of the grassy hill, and remained hanging by the beach and aspen shrubs. When they, who like the serpents of *Laocon* were twining their arms around the struggling George, saw this, they released him and fled with rapid steps down the mountain towards the green plains of the valley of *Brevine*. George swinging his club and uttering execrations, pursued them for some distance, but in vain.

When he returned, he found his friend with a handkerchief binding up the bleeding head of the captain, who was now recovering, while the soldier who was hurled to the ground on the right, came limping and bending forward, swearing that every rib in his body was broken. He hobbled stooping along, his face half-covered with the grey and yellow dust in which he had laid. At the same time he who had rolled down the hill, his face pale as death, approached reeling like an intoxicated man.

"You might," said Florian gently to the captain; "you might have saved us this little affray; I am not fond of such things."

"The devil!" groaned the captain; "you seem better acquainted with this boorish method of fighting, than I. As for myself, I am a soldier and fight with other weapons than the vulgar fist. Had I my sword by me, I would soon teach you to dance!"

"You are very kind!" replied Florian, "I already dance very well *a La Francaise*, but with my sword I could show you a play *a la Grisonne*, which perhaps you might not find quite so agreeable. At present you will have the goodness to continue your way to *La Brevine*."

"Where are my other people? There are two missing!" said the captain, glancing his eyes around without turning his head.

"Hurrying forward to *La Brevine* to prepare your supper. Hasten, or your soup will be cold!"

The captain slowly withdrew, stopped again, turned back and said: "Take care of yourself, if you should happen to meet me; for I shall seek you, and some fine day run my sword through your body. My name is Larmagne. Do not forget me!"

"I think it quite unnecessary to reciprocate your obliging entreaty," replied Florian.

The captain and his companions with muttered execrations went down the mountain, towards the valley of *Brevine*, while Florian and George, conversing on the subject of their adventure, continued their way over the ridge of the Bayards.

It was already night when they reached the Fairy-steep and the hospitable mansion of Stafford.

CHAP. XII.—NEW HOME.

Florian did not observe until the following morning, the careful manner in which his kind host had decorated his little chamber. Between the inner and outer window, roses, pinks, and hortensias, were in full bloom. A neat secretary of chestnut and maple beautifully inlaid and polished, with numerous drawers, stood on one side. Upon the table was spread a dark-green cloth richly embroidered with a border of flowers. The bed, with snow-white counterpane and pillows, ornamented with dark-green silken tassels, stood near the door, while a large looking-glass with a gilt frame hung between the windows, which were half shaded by white curtains. So much elegance and luxury Florian had hardly expected to find in a farm-house, and least of all in the solitude of the mountains.

"Friend!" said the elder Stafford; "what nature has denied us, art must supply. We have in this region a winter of nearly eight or nine months; we are then imprisoned in our small rooms, and must make our little world as pleasant as we can. The Italians, Spaniards, and even the French, live in the delightful open air the greater part of the year; therefore they neglect their dwellings. The South enjoys the charms of outdoor life, and the North is indemnified by the pleasures of the domestic hearth. Wo to the miserable people who are deprived of both. And, indeed, dear friend, a beautiful artificial summer in winter is, after all, as alluring to us mountaineers, as an artificial winter in their glowing summer, is to the parched and ardent southerner."

The elder Stafford and George conducted their guest through the spacious dwelling. They showed him the long ranges of cattle stalls in the principal and smaller out-houses, the large rooms for storing the hay for the long winters, the great dairy-house, the cool milk-chambers, and all the conveniences of their farming establishment. Stafford had formerly carried on an active and extensive trade in watches and silk stuffs; his son had been twice and himself five times to America. They had for a long time travelled through all parts of Europe; but finally, after amassing a large fortune, had given up their unsettled life, and purchased lands in the valleys for the purposes of tillage, and grazing pastures on the mountains for their herds.

The elder Stafford was looked upon by his neighbors as a rich, experienced and very intelligent man. He was, moreover, renowned for his hospitality and honesty. His grazing cattle and his cheese, which was exported to France and England under the name of fine *Greyerzer*, was much sought after by strangers. Young artists and mechanics often came from the valleys to solicit his good advice or the loan of money, and seldom returned unsatisfied. Florian soon observed the simple reverence with which the people on the Fairy-steep every where regarded him. When in the morning they ascended the mountains to look after the herds, he was received at every hut with a friendly welcome, and every where detained as long as possible in friendly conversation.

"You are indeed a happy people!" said Florian, as, standing on the mountain height, he viewed the silent and peaceful valleys, with the scat-

tered cottages of the unshaded and grassy meadows, and compared the serenity of the people with the turmoil and distress, which the warriors of France and Austria had brought upon the valleys of the Grisons.

"Every one can be happy if he will," said the old man, "and yet there is not wanting unhappiness among us."

"If so," answered Florian, "it must be through their own fault."

"As it every where and at all times is! else, why are not all men happy?" added Stafford.

"Yet we must confess," returned Florian, "that outward circumstances are good props to a happy life!"

The old man shook his head and said: "That also is one of the unwholesome prejudices from which man derives his severest misfortunes. No rank, no wealth, no poverty, no reputation, no luxurious table, indeed no surrounding circumstances whatever, can in the smallest degree constitute our happiness or unhappiness, but the light in which we view these circumstances. Do you not know that kings on their thrones sometimes curse their existence, and martyrs on their funeral pyres can raise their voices in hymns of rejoicing, when the red flames are arching over their heads?"

"Well, father Stafford, but what if foreign armies should invade this peaceful country, murder your son, plunder your herds, and burn your houses?"

"Why, then I should be a loser, to be sure; but my son might die without the aid of foreign armies; and death is no evil. There are no real evils but the sins we commit. Though voluptuousness and effeminacy also are vices."

"You would by this philosophy—" said Florian.

"Stay; say christianity!" interrupted Stafford.

"Very well. But you are, so far as I can perceive, notwithstanding your christianity, not indifferent to the outward comforts and enjoyments of life."

"As is the world within myself, so I look upon the world around me!" answered the old man. The world is lovely, because God, its creator, is lovely. For no one would make of that, which he has the power to mould, any thing opposed to himself. The ambitious would have worshippers; the despot, slaves; the ignorant, ignorance; the fool, folly; the intelligent, intelligence, the free, freedom. How can one disdain the joys of life without disdaining himself?"

Florian listened with surprise to the philosophy of the mountaineer, and took delight in drawing out, by assertions and contradictions, his judgment on various subjects.

"You are right, father Stafford," said he, "all that I observe and learn in this region is gratifying to my feelings; I find here much of the world within me, spread over the exterior and actual world. Here no voluptuary, no debauchee, no idler, no libertine, no tyrant, could experience any pleasure. When I behold among these barren mountains, this dense population and its prosperity; in these humble cottages so agreeable a cleanliness and neatness; in the rustic families of these meadow-lands so refined an education; in these remote solitudes such wonderful industry; and with such extensive wealth so much moderation and sobriety, I must acknowledge this territory the happiest in all Switzerland."

"Not so, friend!" said the old Stafford, checking him; "say rather, you believe, that in these agreeable circumstances, you could be happier than in other parts of Switzerland, where less of industry, fewer embellishments of life, less purity of morals, and less intelligence exists. There are thousands of others, who would not be happy here; who, when they behold this poor country and its industrious inhabitants, would shrug their shoulders with pity, and sigh: It is nothing but a great penitentiary and workhouse! In regard to the relations of life, every one forms his own judgment, and pronounces his own verdict on himself and his capacities."

"But by what means have the people in these sterile regions attained to so much excellence?" inquired Florian.

"By the same means that all people attain to excellence," answered Stafford. "Stern necessity is the successful teacher, and freedom the stimulating companion. Here are moors, swamps, rocks, and long winters; but here labor and talent are free; here there are no restraints imposed by corporations, no burdensome taxes, no terrors of proscription, no capricious edicts, and no idle swarm of public officers. We have a powerful prince, but he resides with his courtiers at a distance of many hundred miles, and our contribution for the support of his splendor is a mere trifle. He is our mighty protector, but our true prince is the laws, which we ourselves have made."

Amid conversations of this character, the friends strayed through the valley during the whole morning. Stafford showed him his herds on the heights. He had thirty or forty cows, which were distributed between two contractors or herdsmen, by whom the product of milk was transformed into butter and cheese at the common dairy. He showed him the extensive enclosures of meadow-land, where with the aid of compost, a large growth of grass was forced for winter fodder, or where, after the melting of the snow, barley and oats were sown in small fields, never without the fear that the snow-clouds of September would destroy all.

PASSAGES IN THE DRAMATIC LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

Richard B. Sheridan filled so prominent a place in the public eye, and has left an impression so combined and striking, that it is not an easy task to satisfy the expectation of the multitude by an adequate sketch of his life. There are four distinct stages in his career; the history of his early life—his dramatic successes—his parliamentary life—and the melancholy down-hill course of his latter days. Each of these offers the occasion which our brief space requires, to present distinctly, the different aspects in which his character may be viewed. But let us here observe that the relative interest of these is very different. We have labored to be distinct on the first, because, if utility be regarded, it is most important. The second we shall continue with brevity, in compliance with the taste of the hour; yet, distinctly, for it is as a dramatic writer alone that Sheridan can obtain a place in the memory of the next generation. His wit has lost its flavor, in the thousandth repetitions; his social fascination can only be conceived by those

who have felt it; his virtues and failings lose themselves in the common features of humanity; the triumphs of the social hour are transient. The orator's memory, too, must rest on what has been preserved of his eloquence. As an orator we cannot rate him at the highest, unless by lowering the praise of eloquence. As a statesman Sheridan had no pretension; and he who would represent in a life, the history of that eventful period in which he lived, must weigh his powers for the delineation of the mind of Burke. But it is as a dramatist that Sheridan must take his place among the illustrious of every age.

He was by nature intelligent and vivacious, social and generous, aspiring and sentitive, indolent and a lover of pleasure. He had keen observation, and ready sagacity, a lively sense of the characteristic and humorous, and a clear sound understanding. Of imagination he had little; of fancy much; but was little endowed with the more philosophical properties of analysis or discursive reason. All these remarks are to be illustrated in the whole of his history, without any undue refinement; for we have aimed not to anatomise character, but to present a faithful and obvious linkness. From these dispositions the intelligent reader will trace with ease the opposite courses of his conduct. His ambition conquered his indolence, and this in turn combined with his love of pleasure, to subdue his prudence. His sensitive jealousy caused injustice and alienation, which his generosity and kindness of nature still rectified and reconciled. Regardless of money, except as a means of present gratification, he was as willing to pay as to spend; but improvidence led him to contract engagements beyond his means.

We may regard the period at which we are now arrived, as the happiest of Sheridan's life. Adorned by the most flattering successes; blessed in the object of his affections; cheered on by the acclamations of the world, and acknowledged by the companionship of the great and the good.

His means were at this time sensibly improved. His command of money increased from different sources. Of these, however, it is to be admitted, some were not consistent with prudence. With the improvidence which belonged to his temperament, he began early to draw upon the future, and to live upon those resources which his popular attractions, and his wit laid open to him. But of this we shall have too much to say. During the present interval he is thought to have partly lived by periodical writing, in which he received some assistance from the talent of his wife. Another source of income must have been still more productive. Though he had refused to permit the public exhibition of his wife as a singer; yet the freedom of his expenditure made any increase to his means too important to be rejected; the method of private concerts was soon adopted, and as his own popularity enforced the attractions of Mrs. Sheridan's voice, beauty, and skill, it is probable that, after all, nothing was lost by the confinement of these resources to the benefit of their proprietors. The style in which they soon began to live, was, however, profuse, and Sheridan was by nature both hospitable and generous. He never, at any period of his life, had any sense of the value of money, and with his self-reliance of temper, he entertained no fear of want. He, therefore, began, as he continued to lavish such resources as he could command. The class from which both himself and his wife were just emerging, is, by all its habits, addicted to expenses; revelry is its profession—dissipation its habit—its taste is festivity. With this, the ambition of genius, the temper social by nature, and the love of elegance that was native to a taste like his, combined to add their impulses to the infatuation of splendid extravagance; a passion fairly entitled to its place among those moral diseases for which there is no cure but ruin.

The social temperament which leads to the excesses of pleasure and expense is among the most prominent dispositions of our nature, and at all times to be illustrated from every scene of human life. But if we may be understood comparatively, it was peculiarly the feature of that generation. Wit was then a passport to the heart of society, for it gave a fascination to conviviality; it usurped a wizard influence over those orgies which held a spell now happily forgotten, over the tastes of the aristocracy. Wine held its place with woman in the song, and flowing bowls were celebrated in conjunction with sparkling eyes: good fellowship was the praise and ambition of ordinary men, and to be a thoroughly good fellow was to combine a moderately fair reputation as a drunkard, a gamester and a rake. Much of the truth of this might be made to appear from the numerous memoirs of the time. But we must content ourselves with the reference we have made to its songs;—the song is always sure to contain a strong reflection of the spirit of the age. The charm in which care and the tedium of life were "drowned," was heightened by the cordial expansion of the exhilarated breast, and enlivened by the electric overflow of wit, or humor. Then were these *noctes canaque*, of which the faint echo does not linger in the hall, and brother wits, in the fulness of the heart, were called Dick, and Ned, and Tom, and cracked jokes, or played gay pranks on each other with the malicious pleasure of schoolboys. It is easy to understand the adaptation of such scenes, for unfolding and illustrating the peculiar social powers of Sheridan. The refined and graceful allusion, the play of sentiment, the repartee of unrivaled pungency, the humor of comic narration, and the adroit practical humbug of which so many instances are universally known.

Sheridan's house became a centre of wit, song, and gay festivity; a splendid income, dissipated without control, or providence of the future, added its substantial attractions to the fascination of elegance, beauty, and genius. His hand was not more lavish to spend, than free to give; and had a little prudence governed his life—or if events peculiarly unfortunate, had not conspired with his own imprudence, he might have been commemorated as one formed to ornament prosperity by munificence and the virtues of splendid hospitality, rather than "to point a moral" by the bright promise of his beginning, and the sad realization of his decline.

It is, indeed, a curious, but melancholy reflection in his history, that the causes of ruin, and those of advancing prosperity, were at this early period advancing with a co-ordinate progress; as the seed of some latent fatal disease, which must ere long destroy life, grows into strength and virulence with the growth of the living powers. And to the reflecting reader, there is a strong and feeling contrast, between the condition of pecuniary entanglement, which was weaving its meshes round him at every advance, and the almost festal abandonment of his home circle, and his brilliant increase in reputation and influence. His house was the home of gay attraction; and

The Corsair.

38

those hours which were not engaged in the earnest and absorbing whirl of politics and party, were given to mirth and frolic dissipation. Drury-lane, although contracting and accumulating embarrassment not to be retrieved, was yet supplying a respectable income; and this was sunk, as it was received, in the splendor of hospitality that knew no bounds.

We must now return to the detail of that portion of his life, by which his place among the illustrious names of British talent must be fixed. The most splendid of his dramatic successes are before us, and he was yet to produce the first comedy in any language.

The *Duenna* came out on the 21st of November, 1775, at Covent Garden. Its success was prodigious and unprecedented; it ran for ninety-five nights. One cause contributed, it is said, to its success; the adaptation of songs to popular airs. The electric effect of a favorite air, on a crowded theatre, is too well known for comment; and the manner in which the effect thus produced is heightened by surprise, will occur to every one.

In the same year he entered into a treaty with Garrick, for Drury Lane. This extraordinary man, still in the vigor of his great powers, had made up his mind to retire into private life. He had, by talent and prudence, realized a fortune, which may well have excited the most golden dreams in a successor's imagination. Sheridan had been introduced to Garrick by Reynolds, at whose table, the centre of the wit and talent of the day, they had an opportunity of ripening mutual admiration into friendship. It was, therefore, probably by the advice of Garrick, that Sheridan resolved to embark in a speculation so fraught with extreme contingencies. Garrick probably found the increasing difficulty of controlling the humors and reconciling the broils of these "children of a larger growth" who "strut and fret their hour" in no figurative import, in the green room, as well as on the stage. He thought, however, that the splendid powers of Sheridan as a writer, and his address as a man, would have the effect of giving renewed attraction to the stage, and governing its petty intestine broils. Sheridan was doubtless of the same opinion, and it must be admitted that their premises were specious enough. Garrick's friendship smoothed the way for an arrangement, which, considering Sheridan's means, must have otherwise been attended with serious difficulties, and when the agreement was concluded, Sheridan's £10,000 was advanced by two intimate friends of Mr. Garrick, on two mortgages of his share in the theatre. After some negotiation, the following arrangement was effected. Sheridan paid £10,000; Mr. Linley the same; Dr. Ford £15,000; the rest of the estate remaining in Mr. Lacy, who had been Mr. Garrick's partner. Sheridan's confidence in the success of this speculation is strongly expressed in the following extract of a letter to Mr. Linley:

"The truth is, that, in all undertakings which depend principally upon ourselves, the surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed."

Such determinations are, we believe, more frequent than their fulfilment: and, however essentially they may form a part of the resolution that leads to success, must depend for their entire value on the prudent and persevering activity which can alone ensure it. So far as his ambition supplied the motive, and his vanity the stimulus, no one could be more laborious or persevering; hence the anxious diligence in the elaboration of his dramas. But for money, he had no feelings; his heart could not be engaged in the commercial details of life; and, though his sagacity was prompt to seize upon an apparent advantage, and his fancy to be dazzled by the ambitious dreams of realizing affluence, yet it was but the ardor of speculation which seldom follows out the dream of future splendor, into the wearisome paths by which it is to be acquired. Nothing can be more at variance, than the spirit that loves the splendor of affluence, and the spirit that acquires it.

It is Mr. Moore's opinion, and his facts support it, that the first sketch of the *School for Scandal* was among the earliest dramatic efforts of Sheridan. And the finished composition, all perfect in its kind as it is, is not more deserving of admiration than the history of its growth is worthy of the student's attention. It indeed exhibits, on a scale of unusual breadth, the secrets of the midnight lamp. In extenuation of an exposure which has given offence to the sympathies of authorship, we have already said enough. Sheridan's ambition to excel has, nevertheless, supplied very aggravated instances. But it is the property of genius to be capable of indefinite improvement, and it may be useful to ambitious mediocrity to learn this truth, that no toil or time could have achieved those excellencies which the dull may presume to attribute to any effort within their compass. The vulgar adage about "silk purse out of a sow's ear," has a justness of application that may excuse its homeliness. There cannot in truth be a surer test of high ideal excellence, than this long continued progress of successful refining; and it will be but fair to observe and admit how small are the improvements which the toil of years can add to the first conception of the moment. They who would lessen the value of the ultimate result, by the charge of labor, would in few instances be competent to distinguish the merit of changes, which can only be appreciated by the eye of disciplined taste. A thousand years of labor could not have enabled Hayley to write "Comus," or Cumberland the "School for Scandal."

We have attributed something of the turn of Sheridan's wit to his sojourn in Bath. The sketch out of which it may be said to have grown, bears strong evidence to the source. It embodies the living spirit of the scene with a force and a fidelity which leaves no room for doubt. Bath, the indiscriminate concourse of every rank, in which so much of the ordinary constraints of human character have been conventionally softened, has always been the fertile scene of satire. The human character is masked by manners and the etiquettes of social life, and the slightest relaxation of these exposes a world of follies else unnoticeable. The humbler classes assert their claim by ostentatious affectations which set off vulgarity in a broader light, and their superiors compensate themselves by laughter. The infirm are brought into contact with youth and gaiety—the adventurer with the orderly—the wit with the laughable and the simple: while the ordinary restraints of social convention are lost in the vast and indiscriminate contacts of this vast vanity-fair of England. What folly, vice, envy, diseased minds and bodies, would conceal—scandal, the child of idleness and spleen, does not fail to spy with its thousand eyes, and whisper about with the amplification of its thousand tongues. And this is the very essence of the "School for Scandal"—the truest yet severest picture of life that ever came from mortal hand.

Mr. Moore exhibits in detail the slow steps of the progress, in which two distinct sketches, having different plots, became at length combined and moulded into one. And the still more interesting and curious process, by which point and witty satire became condensed and accumulated by study, until the whole was kindled into a dazzling excess, that pervades every sentence, and animates every character. In this Sheridan appears to have seized and treasured every hint. Every point too was turned in every aspect and form of language, and changed from place to place, until it was placed to the best advantage. There was throughout a running attendance of stray points, which followed in the margin, for preferment to vacant speeches. Thus was worked out a comedy which, for keen and polished wit and delicate delineation of human views and follies, as well as for the consummate finish of its simple and pointed style, must place its author above all rivalry as a comic writer, unless indeed we should assign the palm to the more natural, easy and characteristic dramas of Goldsmith, in whom much that was sought with art by others, seems to be the spontaneous felicity of nature.

The "School for Scandal" made its appearance, May 8th, 1777. It had the full run that the lateness of the season permitted; and for many succeeding seasons it appears to have damped the effect of every thing else that was brought out. For a long time it was played two or three times a week, and still holds its unrivalled place at the head of British comedy.

In the year 1778, Sheridan made a further purchase of Drury Lane theatre, "at a price exceeding £45,000." One of the first uses which he made of his authority thus augmented, was his appointment of his father to the management—a reconciliation had some time previously taken place, as might be easily anticipated from successes of which old Tom Sheridan must have been proud. He had been less successful than his pretensions led him to expect—having, as is natural, greatly overrated his own talents. He could not well conceive or bear the public preference for Garrick, to whom he had the vanity to fancy himself a rival; nor did he patiently acquiesce in the little estimation of his skill in philology and declamation. It was, however, thought that his skill and experience as a manager might repair the evils which now began to be too apparent under the management of his son. There was among the players a spirit of dissension, too strong for the good natured indolence of the wit.

On the 20th January, 1779, Garrick died, and Sheridan attended as chief mourner, at his funeral. On this occasion he wrote the most elaborate and longest of his poems. Mr. Moore justly describes it "as more remarkable for refinement and elegance, than for either novelty of thought, or depth of sentiment;" and to this opinion, which he qualifies by some merited praise, we have nothing to add.

The disappointment of public expectation began to be sensibly felt, and it was become necessary to make some redeeming effort. Sheridan made his last in the service of the comic muse. The "Critic" appeared this season, and fully sustained the reputation of its author. This at least is true of half of it, which may be offered as the fairest specimen of its author's wit and powers of irony; while there is in the remainder a degree of inferiority, which appears to justify the notion that it was a joint concern between Sheridan and Tickell. The piece is a designed imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," written for the purpose of ridiculing Dryden. Nor was something of the same laudable inspiration wanting to the "Critic," of which the principal sufferer, Sir Fretful Plagiary, is the known representation of Cumberland. Some time before, a coolness had sprung up between this celebrated dramatist and Sheridan; and an incident which has often been repeated, is supposed to have elicited the Critic. After the "School for Scandal" had appeared, Sheridan, with the usual anxiety of an author, asked some common acquaintance what Cumberland had said of it.

"Not a syllable," answered the other.

"But did he seem amused!" said Sheridan.

"Why, faith, he might have been hung beside Uncle Oliver's picture; he had the damned disinheriting countenance: like the ladies and gentlemen on the walls, he never moved a muscle."

"Devilish ungrateful that," observed Sheridan, "for I sat out his tragedy last week, and laughed from beginning to end of it."

Cumberland declared afterwards, that he had been elsewhere at the time when the incident was said to have occurred. But the "alibi" was late to arrest the summary retribution.

The affairs of Drury Lane became now so entangled by improvidence, and so embroiled by dissension, that no skill, perhaps, could have redeemed it from the gathering cloud of confusion which threatened it. Old Sheridan found his old age feeble to resist difficulties, which, in a minor form had been too much for the vigor of his better days. He resigned the post, and theatrical ruin, the most rapid and formidable of all, began to set in, and to involve the career of his son in difficulties that never left him, until they laid him low. His splendid talents, it is true, maintained him long in a struggle, in which any one but himself would have sunk without reprieve; but he bore it like a living death, through all his brilliant successes—embittering pleasure, destroying respectability, and wearing away the loftier and finer traits of his nature, until his mind was lowered to the measure of his degradation. But the anticipation is premature, and we have a bright and gay interval before us yet.

Sheridan lived in a period favorable to his peculiar talents. As a great master of the comic drama, the stage had not yet survived its popularity—as a wit, and possessed of the first order of convivial talent, there was yet a full and brilliant scope in the light, familiar and playful intercourse with the great men of his time, for the exercise of his fascinating control over the festive circle. A brilliant period of literature was just passing away into the dull trance of the press, which was broken by the trumpet note of Scott; but it had left its deposit on the mind and tongue, and given an intellectual cast to conversation. The throne was occupied by an amiable, virtuous, and truly liberal British king, whose taste had led the way in dispelling the high-toned and chilling reserve, that checks the freedom of intercourse among ranks. It was easier for the gifted spirit to win its way upwards. And lastly, the political state of the age was more favorable to the attainment of distinction by men of oratorical power, than it has been since, or was ever likely to be again.

It was the beginning of the great revolutionary period, which has since

swept over the civilized world with incessant waves—the human mind had long been accumulating change—the state of society had outgrown the measure and form of existing institutions—a vast mass of new mind, of increased knowledge, and new interest, was to be taken into their scope. Instead of sects and corporations, there was the clash of striving nations, the spoliation of thrones and principalities, and the spreading conflagration of revolutionary phrenzy. Such was the material which gave to the public debate all the scope and luxuriance of poetry, and made it possible for the mere exhibition of flowery rhetoric to win political eminence. A few words will sufficiently follow up the history of his transition from the stage of fiction, to that of bustling and anxious reality, on which, however we may adjust his comparative pretensions, he soon attained no mean eminence.

His celebrity as the successful dramatist—the attractions of his wit—the romance of his history—the fascinations of his hospitality—and that undefinable charm of address, of which so many curious instances are repeated—all combined to win his way in society. His election in the Literary Club planted him at once in the first circle of contemporary talent, and made him the associate of those who could best appreciate and recommend him. It was, as we have said, the day of oratory, when eloquence had its themes of power; and it was quickly seen that his ready wit and fluent tongue were adapted for a larger and freer scope than the social board. He was not master of the extended information, the fluent logic and subtle theory of Fox—he was not possessed of the terse common sense, the intuitive justness, and practical mastery of Pitt—nor had he the vast insight, massive knowledge, and copious induction of Burke: but, viewed with regard to the immediate purposes of public eloquence, it was soon perceived that he was possessed of powers not less available than any of these men, for the uses of a popular assembly. His command of language, his power over the figurative ornaments of rhetoric, and, above all, his wit, marked the popular and effective speaker. If he was not prepared with the treasures of extended knowledge, he had at least the perfect command over all he knew. He was possessed of the common rudiments of history, and had that ordinary share of constitutional knowledge, which a quick and sagacious mind can acquire by conversation, with the help of a little desultory reading. The discipline of composition had trained his mind and ear to the tricks of speech, and the artifices of representation. Nature gave him persuasion, fancy, and wit. Thus, though not qualified to lead great measures, or to instruct the house, there was no one fitter to enact the assigned part—to appeal successfully to the passions—or to scatter flowers over the tedious debate. The feelings of a romantic spirit, yet unblighted by adversity, were an additional recommendation to those who were the advocates of popular rights, which had not yet transgressed their constitutional limit.

It had been long Sheridan's ambition to fill the place for which he felt himself qualified. And this feeling was warmly seconded by the admiration of those whose influence could pave the way. He was introduced to Mr. Fox by Lord John Townsend, who made a dinner for the purpose, of which an account is preserved in a letter of the noble lord's, from which the following extract will suffice to convey the impression on either side—

"Fox told me, after breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle Charles Townsend, the wittiest man he ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both in fertility; and Sheridan told me next day that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most, his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

This new connexion, perhaps, gave decision to his opinions already cast into the popular mould by temper, as well as association.

In the year 1780, after some attempts to be elected for Honiton, Sheridan was elected for Stafford. As this was a free borough, the influence of a well-directed appeal to the most prevalent popular sense, may perhaps be inferred without censoriousness. A petition, complaining of the undue election of himself and Mr. Monckton was brought before the House. Mr. Fox supported him, and he had the advantage of making his *coup d'essai*, in a cause which enlisted his feelings. The first impression was not such as to satisfy expectation. A nervous sense of the occasion must, in spite of indignation, have forced itself upon an apprehensive mind, and aggravated a thick and difficult articulation.

"It was on this night, as Woodfall used to relate, that Mr. Sheridan, after he had spoken, came up to him in the gallery, and asked, with much anxiety, what he thought of his first attempt. The answer of Woodfall, as he had the courage afterwards to own, was, 'I am sorry to say I do not think that this is your line—you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits.' On hearing which, Sheridan rested his head upon his hand for a few minutes, and then vehemently exclaimed, 'It is in me, however, and by G—, it shall come out.'"

Amidst the multitude of lesser questions, which are engendered by the opinions of the day or the opposition of party, one great question of absorbing interest, possessed the minds both of parliament and people. The American war, commencing 1774, had for the last six years painfully occupied the attention of the country. An excusable impression of established right, and a laudable sense of the honor of England, had made it popular for a time; but a series of disastrous campaigns had considerably damped the public mind; and the opposition of the popular party seconding this reaction, soon turned the balance of feeling in favor of the Americans. The sense of injustice weighed with some—the occasion for disseminating free principles, with others. And while the few, who really, under the true merits of this great question, decided on what was just—the popular party found itself, by the contingency of circumstances, on the right side.

The object of that party was, simply, to displace Lord North's administration. But the cause of the American war was placed on its true merits by Burke—the master-mind of that age, and the source of much in the better portion of this; who led the Whigs with a constitutional wisdom, that throws a transient gleam over the errors and sins of that unprincipled party. With more than the eloquence of Tully, and all the inductive wisdom of Bacon, he explained from the whole course of the history of the American colonies, the impolicy and injustice of the war, and of the tyrannical measures from which it had arisen.

With the cautious tact for which he was so remarkable, Sheridan kept out of the sway of the fiercer conflicts, and the collision of the fiercer animosities, that attended the greater question of party. On lesser occasions, and there were some of much interest, he availed himself of occasion, or exhibited his useful zeal.

During this period he had as yet taken no very prominent part in the debates, although the attention of the house and the country had continued to be agitated by a succession of questions of the deepest interest and importance. For this moderation he received the applause of his judicious friends. There were many reasons which must have operated on his good sense—to enforce this prudent self-restraint, a mind like his would naturally make rapid advances in the accumulation and application of knowledge of men and measures. And no man was more fitted by nature than Sheridan to seize with intuitive tact on the manner in which the general sense of the new circle into which he had found his way, might operate for or against him. Aristocratic pride will naturally take the alarm when brilliant talent has the effect of raising a person of low birth or equivocal pretensions, into a contact on terms approaching equality. But there is a broader though less intelligible feeling of jealousy, which affects classes whose pretension to respect is founded on any peculiar department of knowledge. The mathematical Class judges of a man by his mathematical ability—men of business by expertness in the details of affairs; and there is a strong and natural opposition to any claim of superiority dependent on high distinction in *some other walk*. But amongst all these, there is perhaps no sense of this kind of jealousy so strong as that between the public and literary man.

The feeling is both coarse and common; but like all our latent feelings, cannot be stated without the appearance of refining. It will easily, however, be felt, that the *communis sensus*, or *esprit de corps*, of professed politicians must be offended at the implied sanction by which the comedian and "wit upon the town," might claim so pretending an affinity with orators, members of committees, and statesmen. Sheridan's course was, in this respect, one of consummate tact and address. By slow degrees of progress, he allowed one character to sink, while he diligently cultivated and put forward the other. The most glaringly opposed association blend into union, and become consistent in the minds of the crowd, whose judgments are but prejudices, even on the side of truth. Sheridan's known and familiar associates were the most commanding spirits of the day. And before he began to occupy the leading place which his talents claimed, both parliament and the public had come to look on him less in his character of manager and dramatist, than as the friend of Fox and the ally of Burke. Nor was it long before a loftier and intrinsically more honorable distinction graced his other claims to reputation, in the friendship of the Prince of Wales.

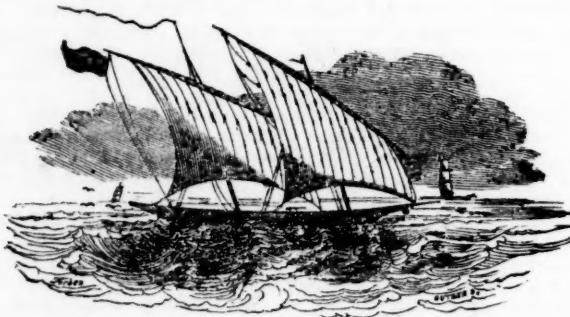
Sheridan's sagacity was, perhaps, of the highest order. No man was more alert to see the slightest indications of wind and tide, in the steering of court intrigue; and no man was less likely to lower and compromise himself by a base and dishonorable use of finesse. In the associations which now opened to him a seemingly auspicious road to honor and wealth, he had qualities which, with discretion, might, in time, have enabled him to take a more leading position. His common sense and sagacity gave him an advantage over Fox; and the stern and uncomplying earnestness which fixed and elevated the master spirit of Burke, gave Sheridan a similar advantage over him in the intercourse of personal communication, which forms so much of the real working of public affairs. Burke's overmastering spirit was an influence from which men were glad to be relieved; and this in proportion to their own importance. Fox, on the other hand, had, in his ardent and fiery nature, something of the meteoric, and impressed a sense of the danger of being carried away into extreme lengths. In the varied sources of human influence, there is none which can be carried so far as that of the social kind—a pleasing countenance—a general tone of sense—the companionable powers of wit and vivacity—the ready sympathy, with all the varying moods—the quick rebound of mind—the salient wit—the ready repartee—the tone of mind equally capable of seriousness and levity, as occasion may require. These were the characters of Sheridan's general demeanor. His persuasiveness and the fascination of his manner, can only now be judged of by the effects which they are known to have produced; and these effects fell little short of the notion of enchantment. The miracles of his address, are altogether unparalleled in our recollections of human adroitness and influence. He could unlock the heart of thrifty avarice to his large necessities, and convert the anxious solicitation of the suspicious creditor into the improvidence of a fresh loan.

Of such a character, under favorable circumstances, and under the influence of a controlling prudence, the influence will grow in silence behind the scenes, and gather breadth and depth of power. This view, founded in the facts of Sheridan's life, may not only illustrate the true elevation to which he was at this time raised, and the splendid avenue to fame and power which opened before him, but may account to the reader, both for his advancement in the political arena, and for the obvious preference by which, while more powerful men were held in a specious alliance, he became the friend, adviser, and confidant of the Prince of Wales.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

The city of Bath has been the scene of a deplorable tragedy, which, from the position of the sufferers, and the universal respect in which they were held, has naturally excited a deep sensation. On Friday morning the news spread through the city that Mrs. Tugwell, wife to the senior partner of the Bath Bank, had poisoned her children and committed suicide. The utmost excitement prevailed throughout the city, as the unfortunate lady was universally looked up to as the friend of the poor and patroness of the distressed, and every one sympathized with the husband and the father in his bereavement, and the whole city of Bath was involved in gloom at the melancholy and premature death, in the prime of life, (thirty-one years of age) of a lady so universally beloved for her benevolence and beauty. The facts which led to this lamentable catastrophe were elicited before the coroner, and it appeared that Mrs. Tugwell, about twelve months since, at her confinement, suffered from an attack of milk fever, and had never since been perfectly sane. On Thursday, the 24th of January, she

came from her residence, with her husband and children, into Bath, and after proceeding to make purchases at various shops, she was seen walking along the bank of the canal, accompanied by her children, as late as three o'clock in the afternoon; she then returned home, and desired the butler to give her a decanter of sherry, took her children into a summer-house in the garden, saying she was going to give them a treat. She proceeded to mix some prussic acid with the wine, which she administered to the whole of the three children, and then took some herself. Fortunately the eldest boy (ten years of age) did not like the taste of the wine, and drank only a small portion, which, as he says, caused him to sleep, and upon awaking he found his mother sitting apparently asleep, with his two brothers, who were twins of eight years of age, the one lying at her feet and the other across her breast. Finding himself very ill, and having in vain tried to awaken them, he rushed to the door, which he found locked, but at length succeeded in alarming the house, when the servants found their mistress and the children dead. No cause can be assigned for this melancholy act, but the lady must have been for some considerable time meditating upon it, as she had procured several bottles of prussic acid, and had taken the precaution to destroy the labels: a portion of one of the labels remained, which, from its dirty state, indicated that it had been some time in the house. Mr. Tugwell being in Bath, the coachman proceeded to inform him of the melancholy fate of his wife and children, a shock which nearly overcame him, having only two days before buried his father; and his friend, Mr. Davis, druggist to her Majesty, having poisoned himself late in the last week. The jury returned a verdict of "insanity."



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. P.'s translation of Schiller's "Glocke" is very correct, but wants energy. Betv's comparison of Racine and Corneille does not accord with our ideas of those celebrated writers. We shall be happy of an interview with Crito on the subject of his treatise. X. P. No. A. A. A. Ditto.

FASHION.

COATS AND HAIR.

The French, who do every thing hour-glass fashion, (turn it upside-down eternally, and begin anew at the bottom) are letting their hair grow as Adam's did, and cutting their coats as Adam would have cut his, (broad-cloth presumed) without seam or shaping. For the coats, though we cannot say we admire the sort of look (like the body of a shaved bear) which these sacks give a man, yet they have one excellence, that of lowering the unsightly collar which for half a century has destroyed the finest lines in the human form. The fall of the neck and shoulder, the graceful curve from the ear downward, is the most striking and beautiful portion of the outline of a man. He might as well wear a diamond on the bridge of his nose (where Bardolph wore a carbuncle) as break in upon this waving grace with a padded collar.

For the hair, the new fashion of wearing bag-wig-wise, will probably have the usual routine of favor. Authors are first admired, then ridiculed; fashion is first ridiculed, then admired. At present, only those whose hair is a beauty, venturé to let it fall over the ears, but soon we shall have the lank-haired and the wiry, and every color and texture "that God pleases," coaxed into the new mode, and Hyperion must be content to stand the patron saint for all. Men of sense, they say, follow ever in the heels of fashion; but men of sense, in our version, follow only the fashions that become them. Phrenologically, this baggy increment on the rear of the skull, gives a frightful predominance to the animal look of the head, and to a philosopher's eye, the wearer is by so much depreciated—but we are fortunate in not dressing *at* philosophers. Prejudice and usage aside, however, there is a pictorial beauty in luxuriant hair; and that it does not diminish the manliness of the look, the pictures of the old masters sufficiently show. The crop head looks niggard in a picture, and since the fashion seems inevitable, we will meet it with a good grace, and approve it, with one suggestion of taste—that to wear the hair gracefully, the neck should not be cumbered with buckram. Fancy Jupiter, with his godlike curls flowing over a coat-collar. The two things are utterly incongruous, and for ourselves, we shall adhere to the Brutus cut till the revival of the Lord Lovelace coat leave room for it on our shoulders.

We are happy to learn that our spirited contemporary, Mr. John O. Sargent, at the request of the Historical Society, has repeated at the Stuyvesant Institute, his very beautiful and instructive oration on the character of Mirabeau. We never left a lecture-room, more edified and delighted, than on the occasion of its first delivery, and we hear from various sources, that its repetition was attended by grateful and most flattering demonstrations of satisfaction from a refined auditory.

"Ada! Sole daughter of my house and heart."

There is a singular interest felt, by almost every one, in all that had or has any connection with the illustrious author of Childe Harold. It is but a day since, we looked with tearful eyes on the autograph of the Poet's sole daughter, and pondered over its simple neatness, thinking what a heritage of fame is hers. It may not be uninteresting to those who feel any curiosity to learn the fortunes of the child of Byron, to be told, that she is married—is a mother, and that her husband is the Earl of Lovelace, a distinguished traveller and scholar, who has recently made his debut in the House of Lords. On the opening of the present session of Parliament, the Lord Chancellor read Her Majesty's speech in the House of Peers, on which occasion the Earl of Lovelace moved the Address. He is thus reported:

The Earl of Lovelace said he rose for the purpose of moving an humble Address in answer to Her Majesty's most gracious Speech. Having now to address their Lordship's for the first time, he besought their indulgence. He felt the difficulty of his situation, and earnestly hoped that no words which should fall from him might disturb the unanimity so desirable on occasions like the present. His Lordship then proceeded to consider the various topics suggested by the Speech, and concluded by moving the Address, which was, according to all form and precedent, an echo of the Speech.

HUE AND CRY!!!—We wish the print-shop people would have some regard to time and place in their operation upon the sensibilities of the public. There are some prints so touching that one really cannot look at them without testifying an emotion which is inconsistent with the philosophy of the streets. Take, for example, the plate from Edwin Landseer's "Highland Widow,"—or that other plate, of which we forget the name, where the grief-stricken and forlorn dog is seen sitting lonely upon his dead master's grave—or another of a very different kind, called "The Only Daughter," which represents the grave and hopeless face of the physician as he feels the pulse of an almost dying girl, while the anxious mother sits watching with grief-worn face, and the father stands afar off, as if he durst not trust himself to gather despair from the physician's countenance. What can one do after looking at such things, but just turn away and cry? Yet a man looks, or seems to himself to look, especially absurd, as he marches up Broadway, with the big round tears coursing one another down his nose, like the poor stag in the forest, and all because he happens to have been gazing into a print-shop.

There is no greater error in the *ordinary* estimation formed of men, than that a certain degree of fierceness necessarily accompanies courage. Of course fierceness of manner is not here meant, which is very well known to be habitually suppressed by the most courageous. But an internal fierceness of disposition is for the most part attributed to men of undoubted courage, yet perhaps with no due consideration of the practical philosophy of man, bearing upon this case. At all events, one gladly takes refuge with those who teach another creed in this matter, as with Wordsworth for example, who beautifully describes his brother as a "meek man and a brave." This brother was shipwrecked near the shore, but his body being afterwards found, he was buried in a country place. How touchingly is this commented upon in the address "to the Daisy"—

"That neighborhood of grove and field,
To him a resting-place should yield,
A meek man and a brave,
The birds shall sing and ocean make
A mournful murmur for *his* sake;
And thou, sweet flower, shalt sleep and wake,
Upon his senseless grave."

"IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE."—Steele, one of the principal contributors to the "Spectator," in speaking of Shakspeare, attributes to him "an agreeable wildness." With all one's delight in the humor and gentility of Steele, how can one refrain (in these days) from downright laughter at this way of talking about Shakspeare! "Agreeable wildness!" This is what we say now-a-days of the running talk—the *abandon* of a lively and graceful girl. Who can suppose such criticism on Shakspeare to have been written by any one of letters, except it were in an embroidered coat, with lace ruffles upon his hands, and certain arrangements inside his head, bearing some analogy to the elaborate adornment of the outside. And mark, then, kind listener, through what we have passed from the gentle judiciousness and polite propriety of Queen Anne's literature to our own. Scarcely less artificial in style, but infinitely more ponderous, was the critical language of some sixty or seventy years ago. Half a century after the first literary people in England were speaking of the "agreeable

wildness" of Shakspeare, Johnson heaves forth his massive abstractions, and says of the same man—

" Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him in vain."

Pleasant illustration, this, of "agreeable wildness."

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

The philosopher Mallebranche imagined his nose had become a leg of mutton. Poor Lady D—e—, by dint of drinking out of the cups "that do not inebriate," finished by remaining all day with one arm akimbo, and the other projecting out, insisting that she had become a teapot! With such precedents before you, pray be indulgent when I say to you that I imagine I am becoming a *tea-to-tum*. Really in Paris business and pleasure so whirl you round, body and soul, that you are constantly in a sort of moral waltz. I hope I shall not come to a sudden stop and tumble, as teatotums are wont to do, and as some of the gayest have done here at the very outset of the season. You will no doubt have heard that bright exquisites, tenants of a certain box at the Grand Opera, and judges in the lists 'twixt high Duprez and noble Candia, have hidden their diminished heads. This does not prevent the Jockey Club from being as bright and as gay as ever, the three aristocracies vying to outdo each other. For three aristocracies there are in the Rue Grange Batelière; there is the aristocracy of the *ancien régime*, another of Napoleonic date, and last, not least in weight of metal, the aristocracy of money. Over this divergent trinity Prince de la Moskowa presides, and with praiseworthy feeling is now using that influence to get his father, Marechal Ney's, memory restored to the honors of which a fatal sentence deprived him. It is promising circumstance to see the French burnishing up the memory of their by-gone heroes. As to modern French heroes, they must be looked at by posterity when some ages have concealed their meanness, and hallowed their merits. We, their contemporaries, seeing them scrambling for loaves and fishes, cannot be very much awed by their superiority. These worthies resemble a certain assemblage of natives of *la belle France*, who the other day, when a boat full of women going to market with geese and other volatiles, destined to die like St. Lawrence, overturned in the river, saved and took home the winged bipeds, but left the human *implumes* to drown at their leisure.

I am sorry to inform you of an instance of genius unrewarded. The Baron de Botherel had had the magnificent thought of establishing omnibus cook-shops. These locomotive kitchens, with their bells, awakened the most epicurean thoughts, and fed the hungry at their own doors. Alas, the Noble Baron's ingenious industry has failed; and some unreasonable shareholders are even pleading for a return of their money.

Dramatic performances have not been of late confined to theatres. Mars has performed, as you know, before the whole of the beau monde, in a court of justice—whilst another dog of Montargis has been found. In the case of the murderer, Welta, the dog of his victim was brought into court, and his conduct towards the assassin was the most conclusive and most damning evidence brought forward.

To judge by the two events which have just been reported here, it appears as easy to overturn Louis Philippe as it is difficult to poison an elephant. That right merry mortal the éditeur of the *Charivari*, has been condemned to a long imprisonment and 8,000f. fine, for having conspired to subvert the throne by making a *quid pro quo* betwixt his French Majesty and a certain other Louis Philippe, who stole an umbrella instead of a crown. On the other hand, news from Berlin announces that it required twelve physicians to kill the elephant of the Royal Menagerie! How different it is with bipeds *implumes*! O thou immortal Diable Boiteux, tell me how many souls of mortals scientifically despatched lay at these doctors' doors? Then will I be able to judge how many times the soul of an elephant is greater than that of a man.

In a country where ridicule is so dangerous a weapon, that nobles, princes, and potentates topple down if its missiles be fired point blank at them; religious and political harmony are impossible—thus do we see that the harmony of music is the only one that can sway the French mind—no doubt the governing power here will soon see the policy of putting speeches from the throne in recitative, making missionary sermons into *cantatas* in the minor key, &c. &c.

Imperial Parliament.

Our notices of foreign events would be quite incomplete, did we omit to mention the subject now agitating England throughout her boundaries. We shall of course only glance at the subject of English politics occasionally, with little other feeling than a desire to lay before our readers an interesting abstract of the doings of Parliament.

The preliminary movement on the Corn question has been made in both Houses of Parliament; and its supporters have suffered a repulse, for which they could not be unprepared. The Lords rejected Lord Brougham's motion without a division; the Commons negatived that of Mr. Villers by a majority of 361 to 172.

Among the Lords, Brougham stood alone. Not a single Peer aided him in the debate; and it would not be easy to name half a dozen upon whose votes he could have counted if a division had been pressed. The minority in the Commons consisted of Whigs and Radicals, with one Tory exception: Mr. Feilden of Blackburn, supported the family interest in manufactures.

The two great speeches were those of Lord Brougham and Mr. Villers. The first was a fine display of rhetorical power; sustaining Lord Brougham's reputation as the first orator of his day. His impressive delivery gave force to many just, well-combined observations, and arguments, which if not original, came with the force of novelty as well as strength on the hearer. Though he stood the solitary supporter of his side of the question in the House of Lords, opposed by the Duke of Wellington, Buckingham, and Richmond, Lord Melbourne and others, it seemed as if all they could achieve was a mere nibble at the elaborate and energetic statement which he had produced. His reply was an adroit mixture of courteous sarcasm with cutting reproof.

Mr. Villers rivited the attention of the House of Commons to a closely linked, clear, passionless, but most impressive statement of the case which the petitioners were prepared to prove. It was said of Roger Sherman, a distinguished member of the first American Congress, that "with every sentence he knocked some nail on the head;" so Mr. Villers, while going over the wide space which his case presented, clinched every statement with the emphatic declaration—"This I am prepared to *prove by evidence at the bar*." He was earnestly supported by Mr. Strutt, Mr. Thornley, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Mark Phillips.

The most elaborate opposition to the motion came from Sir Robert Peel; who had fortified himself with many figures, founded on a comparison of averages selected from periods favorable to the advocate, to prove that the exportation not only of the raw material of manufactures, but of articles in the composition of which manual labor was largely employed, had not declined, but was increasing. He argued on this ground, that it was absurd to attribute decline of foreign commerce to the Corn-laws, for there was no decline. He stopped there: he ventured not to assert that there was no prospect—no certainty of a decline.

In the House of Lords, on Tuesday, the Earl of Winchilsea moved for copies of any official correspondence between her Majesty's Ministers and the Earl of Durham, when Governor-General of Canada, relative to the appointment of Mr. Turton as Legal Adviser to the Governor-General.

In reply to the Earl of Winchilsea, Lord Durham said he was ready to meet Lord Winchilsea on the question involved in that motion; but Lord Winchilsea must be made aware of the consequences to which such a motion must naturally lead—

"The noble Earl may think it advisable to discuss this question upon one individual case, and I may meet him upon it; but it will not end there, for I am prepared to discuss the question upon general principles, and to enter upon the general question of adultery as considered with reference to the conduct of public officers. If this House has so great a regard for decency and decorum, no doubt your Lordships will pay still more regard to justice; and I beg to say, that I shall feel myself entitled—and I will do it too—to go into an inquiry into the case of every public man who has received official employment after having been convicted of adultery. (A laugh.) All the obstacles that may be thrown in my way shall not daunt me from my purpose; for I tell your Lordships, that let once my path be chalked out, all your sneers, or cheers, all the obstacles you can throw in my way, I shall hold as utterly valueless. If one particular case is to be subject to condemnation, let it be followed up in the case of every other individual in this country who is liable to the same imputation, and who has been employed in the public service. Whatever course the noble Earl takes with regard to the withdrawal of his motion, it cannot be said to be done from any desire for it on my part; for, on the contrary, I am ready to second any motion for the production of any documents, public or private, which have been addressed by me to the Government."

Lord Winchilsea said he was not to be daunted or intimidated by any man. He acted on public principle, and would boldly give his support to Lord Durham, should that noble lord on any future occasion bring forward a similar case to Mr. Turton's.

Motion by leave withdrawn.

A STORY WRIT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

It is a conceded point, I believe, that an author may choose his readers. The devout are separately addressed, so are the political, so are the scientific, so are the rich and poor, so are the learned and unlearned. *I address myself to the beautiful.* Stop here, plain reader! The tale is not for you! Stop here, uncomely critic! The language is not addressed to your comprehension. The treatise on divinity or law is phrased to the capacity of the divine or the jurist. Let none but the beautiful think to read this story understandingly.

Did it ever occur to you, fairest lady, (for now I know whose eyes brighten this dull page with their light,) that the genius of Shakspeare is oftener a divining-rod whose dip tells the skilful where golden thoughts lie hid, than a crucible in which the gold is fairly separated from the dross—oftener the hitherward leader of a constellation half lost in the receding Heaven, than a single star whose place and color are known to the school-boy and

shepherd? You will remember the Pucelle's splendid but bittersimilitude:

"Glory is like a circle in the water—

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

And you will know how much more truly it may be said of *Pleasure!* I have called up a sigh, but when you have pressed down those sweeping lashes with your white hand, and imprisoned the sad thought for an instant, I will cheat you of it again with my story.

At one of the earliest balls of the London season of 18—, there stood by the statue of Diana, in —— House, a lady who, in her day had been a woman of superb beauty; and by her side, caressing unconsciously the exquisitely chiselled foot of the Goddess, a younger lady leaned on the pedestal, and with eagerness, repressed by the finger laid occasionally on her arm, watched the movements of a peculiarly graceful dancer in the Mazurka.

"He is very handsome!" said Lady Mavis, the elder of the two, in a tone more of soliloquy than remark.

"More noble than handsome," replied her daughter; "but it would be difficult to find a fault in his person."

"Does his countenance please you?" asked the mother.

The fair girl looked up, with a slight color mounting in her cheek, and, after an instant's hesitation, answered, "Yes! altogether."

If I had a life to live in England, another in France or Italy, and a third in America, and one eminent gift were offered me for each, how think you, bright lady, I would choose? I answer from much study of these lands—*riches* for France and Italy, *talent* for America, but *beauty* for England. I have named you their master-keys, believe me! Rank, riches, and talent, may each fail to give position in England, but beauty never! It is admired and criticised in other countries—it is worshipped there. The nobility of the continent marry either for blood or wealth; the *eligibility* of America most frequently for esprit or style; the high-born of England almost invariably for beauty. In what other language is known even the phrase, *aristocratic beauty*? The "British Peerage" is probably unmatched in history as a catalogue of fair women and comely men.

Of two of the most ancient Catholic families in England, the survivors were Sir Everard Trulian and his son Everard; Lady Elinor Mavis and her daughter Elinor. Their estates lay together in Cheshire, and Sir Everard and the deceased baronet, on the birth of the girl, had mutually fallen into the idea that their children should marry, and without any definite understanding, began each to shape his measures for its accomplishment. Sir George Mavis died without having opened his lips on the subject, leaving his daughter ten years of age, and Lady Trulian having died in giving birth to her son, the subject was first breathed between the widower and the new-made widow. They agreed entirely, even in the worldly-wise suggestion of Sir Everard, that the children were best parted till of an age to marry, and best kept in ignorance of their destiny for each other. Lady Mavis accordingly went abroad to place her daughter in a foreign convent, and Sir Everard watched over his son and the two estates at home. Seven years had thus elapsed, and lady Mavis and her daughter returned to England—the latter grown to a most lovely woman, while her destined husband, called the handsomest youth of his time, had done little in his life except to perfect himself in every manly accomplishment, and sate himself with pleasure. Lady Mavis had, perhaps, the easier task, but her duty had been best fulfilled. She had failed in nothing but in keeping the secret. Her daughter knew for whom she was destined, and the few words of conversation we have recited above, will have shewn sufficiently her feelings on the subject.

The fashionables of England come fairly enough by the pastoral taste for which they are somewhat remarkable. They see the sun rise as often as the shepherd. The balconies of —— House had been filled with seats and flowers, and tented over with sails, to give room within for the dancers; but, as a yellow beam, straight from the rising sun, shot through one of the seams of the eastern window, Lord —— sent round his servants to strike the canvass, and the whole party (except here and there a *ci-devant*, who fled to her carriage in terror, at the idea of daylight,) crowded to the balconies and gardens, where they lounged and strolled, more with the merriment of persons assembled for a *dejeuner champêtre*, than a night-worn company, whom morning had surprised in the ball-room.

"*Vive le fraîcheur Anglais!*" said Sir Everard, as he slipped his arm into his son's, and leaving a party of ladies, who were sprinkling their gloves with picking wet roses, led him off to a retired alley of the garden.

What the baronet had designed to say, fair lady! must be left entirely to your imagination. His son took the parole by informing him that he had sent for post horses, and in an hour or two should be on his way to Constantinople, by the way of Vienna and the Danube.

"I am weary, my dear sir," said Everard, "with the dull facility of every thing. I wish to Heaven I had been born with a hump or a club foot—something to be struggled against—to be successful in spite of."

"Spoilt boy!" said the father musingly.

"Not by you, sir! your kindness and your praises excite and gratify me.

I have a right to them, and they seem natural and sweet. But it is disgusting to be flattered by every lady. It is wearisome and stale to the last degree, to please always without effort."

"I wish some who complain of adverse fortune could hear you," said Sir Everard; "but come to the point. What new success has made the cup run over?"

"You will think me a coxcomb, sir, but I will tell you. I was in the garden, getting a breath of fresh air after a long Mazurka, and by chance, looked in at one of the windows opening on the terrace. There stood, leaning against it, my dear father, a woman of a style of most unusual beauty. I saw her face in profile, but the reserve, the calmness, the almost coldness of its lofty outline, gave me a thrill I am not used to. I went and enquired her out, and who do you think it was? Elinor Mavis, by Heaven! My old playmate, sir!—just home from her French convent, and we had not even heard of her arrival."

"Well!"

"Well, sir, I asked to be presented, for I was a little awed by her statue-like presence, and hesitated to claim acquaintance."

"And she received you too coldly?"

"No, sir!"

"Too cordially then?"

"Not at all!"

"How then?"

"Why—with the—the same silly, pleased, blushing embarrassment, half delight and half reserve, with which every simpering girl receives the bow of an elder brother and a *bon-parti*!"

"But my dear boy, this is folly. Elinor Mavis is your old playmate, and of course delighted to see you. What more amiable or natural? You are a child!"

"Can I bring you any thing from Constantinople?" asked the son abruptly.

Sir Everard made no reply, and with his eyes on the ground, continued his walk to the extremity of the alley, where they were met by the servant, who had been despatched an hour before for the travelling chariot and its belongings; and after a few more words, principally of arrangements for forwarding passports and bills of exchange, the spoiled favorite bade adieu to his only living relative, and was whirled off on his way to Dover.

CHAP. II.

"Is not this step of Lady Mavis's rather sudden, my dear?" asked Mrs. Winifred Trevor, taking off her spectacles, and laying the letter upon her lap.

There was no answer. Pale as a statue sat Elinor Mavis, looking out upon the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. Her lips pressed closely together, wore a look of something more angry than sorrow, yet her large, heavily fringed eyes seemed touched with a softer feeling, and stood full of tears.

At the earnest prayer of Mrs. Trevor, Elinor had been permitted to accompany this dearest friend of her mother on a journey for health, to the shores of the Mediterranean. They had been three days only at Nice, when a courier arrived, bringing a letter with the unexpected intelligence that Sir Everard Trulian was on the eve of marriage with Lady Mavis. The failure of the long proposed match between their children was mentioned, a necessity for connecting the estates slightly alluded to, and a hope was expressed that, considering the long and intimate friendship and mutual esteem of Lady Mavis and Sir Everard, Elinor would not be surprised at their union. In a postscript, Lady Mavis suggested to Mrs. Trevor that, as Elinor would probably be pleased under these circumstances to join her brother, it would be worth while to write to the different consulates of the Levant, and request Everard to meet and return with them.

"My, love, speak to me!" said Mrs. Trevor, after waiting in vain for an answer. "You are not pleased with this marriage?"

"I did not think," said Elinor, looking out on the sea as if she was still unconscious of another's presence; "I did not think it had been so bitter to forego revenge."

"Revenge! my dear!" exclaimed the old lady, laying her hand upon the fair girl's shoulder in astonishment.

"Oh, Mrs. Trevor, are you here? I thought myself alone. You heard what I said just now. Well—I will tell you, for you are kind and will pity me. Everard Trulian slighted me. He flung me off when my heart, with the frank and full openness of childish days, rushed out to him. He was disgusted with the betrayal of a love kept warm from childhood, the deepest, the truest, the most unchanging that woman ever felt. And for that, if by this cruel tie he were not made my brother, for that, dear Mrs. Trevor, I would have found a way—I feel I could have found a way, to wring his heart. There, you have the reason of these tears. I have told you all. My dear friend, forgive and pity me."

The passionate girl laid her forehead upon the stone casement of the window, and replied to the caresses and vain consolations of the kind old lady with silent tears. This outbreak past, however, Elinor Mavis was not a woman to be conquered by her own feelings, and it was with almost a

gay smile, and a tone nearly as merry as ever, that the next morning she made preparations to accompany the improved invalid farther to the south. By easy journeys, they reached Genoa, and after a few days of rest, kept on to Florence. And now, kind lady, if you will allow me to take up the hero of my story, we will leave Mrs. Trevor and her charge on their travels in Italy, and glide with your bright imagination past the Golden Horn of Constantinople.—[To be concluded in our next.]

Plunderings by the Way.

A POSTHUMOUS JOKE.—A Venetian, who died not very long ago, made a provision of torches for his funeral, artificially loaded with crackers, anticipating to a confidential friend the hubbub that would result from the explosion, which he had calculated must take place in the most inconvenient spots! It would be an unpardonable omission were I not to state, that this posthumous joke verified the most sanguine expectations of the projector.

A DECIDED CASE OF MADNESS.—In an examination necessary to the passing of a lunatic to the asylum at Hanwell, it was stated that he was a portrait painter of some merit, and in proof of his madness, amongst other acts, it was said that having finished a lady's likeness, he begged her to return it to him for a moment, when he added a huge *moustache*, laughing heartily at the joke. The unfortunate man was a Polish refugee.

COMPLIMENTARY!—At the Adelphi, *Macbeth* has been done into household stuff, under the title of *Jane Lomax*. Having seen the piece, we have registered a vow not to be guilty of the like again.—*John Bull*.

A fine edition, in 4to., with engravings, of Prince John of Saxony's translation of the *Divina Commedia*, is about to be published at Dresden. The Prince has added notes, and an historical sketch of much sagacity and learning.

A SHORT MEMORY.—*Mrs. Ann Stephens*, alias *Hughes*, was on Thursday re-examined, charged with having married Mr. Hughes, of the Olympic Theatre, former husband being still alive. Mr. Hughes was examined, and stated that he could not recollect *when or where he was married to the prisoner, or whether he had been married to her at all*. The prisoner was ultimately remanded for the production of farther evidence.

VERY PROBABLE—very!—The treaty recently concluded between France and Texas, it is conjectured, must issue in a rupture between the southern and the northern states. With the slave-holding Texans the former division of the Union cordially sympathize, and should one of the states actively exert itself, it is said a disunion is inevitable. Texas is the apple of discord.—*London paper*.

The new Persian envoy, Hussein Pacha, who is now *en route* to town from Marseilles, is said to be the bearer of fifty Cachmere shawls, of exquisite workmanship, as a present from the Schah to her Majesty Queen Victoria.

ARISTOCRATIC AMUSEMENTS.—Under this head the English papers give an account of the trial of a young *gentleman* by the name of *Burdett*, who bet a poor half-witted, half-starved individual that he could not drink a bottle of gin. The liquor was drunk, and the man immediately died. Mr. Burdett escaped from a criminal charge, on the ground that *what he did was out of kindness to the man*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.—Last month, at Genoa, the principal pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution performed in their own language of signs, at the Theatre of the Hotel Gagnoletti, Monti's tragedy of *Aristodeme*, and the one-act comedy entitled *The Deserted House*. The young deaf and dumb actors, the eldest of whom was not above seventeen years old, gave their respective parts, according to those initiated into their language, with the utmost precision; and there was so much expression and feeling displayed in their acting, that not one of the numerous spectators who thronged the theatre left it before the conclusion of six acts, which lasted three hours. The proceeds of the evening were for the poor.

RUSSIAN POSTILLIONS.—A Russian postillion is one of the most singular creatures we have ever encountered. In his greasy sheep-skin, faded sash, and low round hat, with clear buckles on it, or a few peacock's feathers in the band, off he flies, the moment he mounts his block, at the rate of eight miles an hour, whistling, singing, shouting, and making love to his horses, raising as much noise as an Irishman in a fair; his whip, like Paddy's shillelah, flourishing fierce round his head, but seldom coming down with the same fatal violence. In fact, it is by his tongue, more than his whip, that he impels his horses. He speaks to them, reasons with them, remonstrates, conjures, upbraids, all the time. If you tell him your head is sore with his noise, he shrugs his shoulders, raises his eyebrows, and gives you to understand, that his pigeons, his rabbits, his darlings, his turtle-doves, are so fond of talk, and so well accustomed to his voice, that they would never move if he were silent. Some of his speeches, as interpreted to us, are not of the most delicate nature; "but," says he, "it affronts

them, and does not hurt half so much as a lash of the whip." There is so little variety in the Russian face and dress, that we scarcely knew when we had changed one of these noisy gentlemen for another. They are all about the same size, too. We at last got into the way of distinguishing them by the patches on the back, which are much more varied than their lovely faces.

THE GREAT JONATHAN.—The following interesting communication has been made to us by an English gentleman, just arrived in this country, per *Siddons*. There is a steamer now constructing at London, to run between that city and New York, of such extraordinary size, that it will be necessary to launch it with the bowsprit towards the north pole, from a fear of its too sudden entry into the Thames at starting, widening the mouth and banks of the river to such a degree, as to create a general overflow. Unfortunately, the enormous scale on which this undertaking is made, is productive of more inconvenience than benefit, as regards the comfort of the community. The captain is so herculean a man, that it will require nine persons to ask him a simple question, and four and twenty to hold a conversation with him as to the state of the weather. A passenger must be booked eight times a day for three weeks, before securing a cabin; and when secured, it will demand at least three weeks more to get well into it. Twelve men are called into action to reach the top of the smallest mast in moderate times; and telegraphs are erecting for communication between the steersman and those in the forepart of the vessel. The rapidity with which she is to travel is so great, that it will require the nicest calculation to ascertain whether the "Great Jonathan" is coming to us, or going back to England again; moreover, a notice will have to be issued, to clear the Atlantic of all vessels, &c., going in a contrary direction, as the current is expected to be so strong the one way, that it will be a pretty considerable time before the water can conveniently get back from the "starting point." Of course this enterprise causes the greatest sensation; and truly, the magnitude of it is wonderful to reflect upon; so much so, indeed, that the gentleman through whose urbanity and politeness we became possessed of the information respecting it, declares that he could not have believed one man would have sufficient strength to make mention of the subject; as, to use his own words—"I am well convinced that it would require fifteen strong-minded individuals to think, and thirty to write about it; while there is no sheet of paper in the world capable of bearing the important insertion; it would break the very printing machine into a thousand pieces to make the attempt!" We, however, have found means to overcome the last named difficulties, and trust our readers will have minds sufficiently strong to support the intelligence, one by one.

AN UNUSUAL CONTEST BETWEEN JOHNNY BULL AND JOHNNY CRAPEAU.—On the 2nd instant, the *Galatea*, a large Portuguese store ship, which was lying off the dock-yard at Lisbon, was discovered to be on fire. Boats from her Majesty's ships *Donegal* and *Scylla*, and from the French ships of war in the Tagus, immediately put off to her assistance. The French, in their eagerness to out-do the English, jumped upon the hot decks and began to climb up the shrouds, for the purpose of cutting away the yards and rigging, a feat in which, of course, John Bull would not be left behind; before many minutes, however, the columns of flame, which began to shoot upwards through the hatchways, gave them a warning to quit their lofty tenement, of which it is lucky they availed themselves in time, for they had scarcely got down into their boats again, when the decks gave way with a tremendous crash, and the whole of the masts and rigging took fire. In the mean time the artillery, which had been brought from the French and English ships, kept firing into the hull below water mark, and at last, just as the whole had become one vivid flame, the masts fell over, the burning mass suddenly sank, and in one moment the lurid glare of the conflagration was extinguished, and the pale light of the moon alone illuminated the scene. It is said that this disaster was not the effect of accident; and the prevalent belief is that, as the vessel was about to be fitted out to take convicts to the penal settlement on the coast of Africa, their friends set her on fire with the view of delaying their departure.

In the House of Lords the question of the propriety of Lord Durham's appointment to office in Canada was discussed, and the *moral* qualifications of the gentleman severely handled. Lord Durham declared that the matter should not rest there, for he was resolved to press inquiry into the cases of ALL public men, who, after conviction of adultery, had been appointed to office under government.—Forty peers (says our *very* private correspondent) swooned!

Colonel Sibthorpe, M. P., moved an address to the Queen, to ascertain what Lord Durham's corks and table-napkins had cost the country. Lord John Russell opposed it, and declared the address to be deficient in common sense as well as grammar. The gallant colonel declared he entertained the most "savage contempt" for Lord Johnny. Spring Rice interferred, and infused a little common sense and grammar, and the motion was agreed to. What fudge!

DEBUT OF MDLLE. PAULINE GARCIA.—The *Theatre de la Renaissance*

was crowded in all parts by the most fashionable company in Paris, for the grand concert in which the sister of the lamented Malibran was to make her *debut*. The theatre wore an unusually elegant aspect. The stairs had been carpeted and ornamented with flowers and plants, and an additional quantity of lights added to the brilliancy of a house, which, though long deserted, is, owing to its spirited mauagers, fast recovering public favor. Mdlle. Garcia was received with an enthusiastic applause which must have revived very sorrowful thoughts in her mind, for it was a spontaneous tribute to the memory of one whose demise made a more mournful impression throughout Europe than that, perhaps, of any other artist since the days of Raphael.

"The *debutante*," says an able Parisian critic, "has something of her sister in her features and *tournure*: her voice reminds us still more of our loss. She has one of those extraordinary voices, partaking of the soprano and contralto; but what is more valuable still, she possesses a rare degree the genius of song—soul and inspiration. The blood of the Garcias runs in her veins: she is another scion of that famed and prolific stock. Her voice has not all the *éclat*, all the flexibility, which years and practice may impart to it. It is said that she has not sung for above a year past; but already she touches and electrifies her hearers. Making allowance for the fascination of her name, it is certain that the impression she makes is very great, and that it is due to astonishing powers."

PERSONAL NEWS.

EARL GREY.—This venerable nobleman met with an accident on Tuesday se'nnight which might have been productive of serious consequences. After the fatigue of dressing for dinner, his Lordship placed himself in a recumbent posture on the sofa in his dressing-room, immediately above which a large picture, by Barclay, we believe, of Lady Grey and the scions of this noble house, had hung for many years. The picture fell upon his Lordship's forehead, which it cut severely, but happily did not fracture. The Noble Lord was stunned by the blow, and some slight temporary indisposition followed; but we sincerely rejoice to say, that from the first, no apprehension of danger has been entertained.

THE LATE SIR JOHN ELEY.—The last tribute of respect and esteem were paid on Monday at Windsor, to the remains of this undaunted and intrepid soldier. He was followed to the last resting-place of all earthly combatants by friends and comrades who had gloried in him as much in the field as they had loved and esteemed him in the retirement of private life. The high reputation of Sir John Eley is well known to all military men. No individual ever possessed truer courage, or more freely sacrificed himself in feats of daring and intrepidity. He was another Nelson in the field, and, like him, earned with his blood "a *gazette* of his own," which no patronage could confer. The battle of Salamanca saw this brave soldier in the very midst of the enemy's dragoons, cut off from all support; but his steed was true as his steel, and he hewed his way to a victorious return. Our readers will remember a court-martial that made a great noise a few years ago. "Where is the place (said the counsel) for a colonel of dragoons when going into action?" "For God's sake where should you think but in the *front* of his men?" said the witness. This witness was the hero of our notice. In private life he was universally beloved and admired. The perfect soldier and gentleman were seen in him; his colloquial powers were of the very finest order, and his wit and humor were inexhaustible. Sir John was in politics a staunch Conservative, but to his honor be it spoken, he always set his face against that cruel and unnatural persecution, got up by a rabid faction of the Tory party against the British Legion of Spain; and in the House of Commons he gave most ample testimony, from his own personal knowledge of every yard of the scene of warfare, how grossly calumniated were those brave but ill-used men. The last words he uttered on this subject, in the House of Commons, were as follow:—"These gallant men, with their no less gallant leader, have, with most unequal means, achieved the most prodigious results."

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN ELEY.—The following letter, which evinces the generous feelings of the gallant soldier towards his old and attached war-horse, appears in the *Naval and Military Gazette*:

"Union Club, May 22d, 1826.

"MY DEAR RAMSBOTTOM:—Custom in some measure reconciles, if it does not justify, a liberty taken with a very old acquaintance, and when the subject is known to you, I am certain I need not add any apology for this communication.

"I am engaged as counsel to plead the cause of a poor old war-horse, whose cognomen is Salamanca, and his age 24 years. This gallant animal embarked at Portsmouth for Lisbon in the year 1808, then six years old, and shared the dangers of the following battles:—Talavera-de-la-Reyna, Busaco, Fuentes D'Onar, Salamanca, (severely wounded, and remained on the field throughout the night unable to rise,) Vittoria, Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse, returning to England with the army at the peace of 1814.

"In the following year, embarked at Ramsgate for Ostend, and stood the brunt of Waterloo; returned once again to England when the allied

armies quitted France, and in the year 1820, embarked for Ireland, and in this year, for the last time, to Old England, drooping from extraordinary length of service; still possessing undaunted courage, exhibiting the remains of a fine and generous animal, which never lost a day's work, but from wounds, during the period of 18 years.

"In the course of the coming month I am recommended to go abroad, for the benefit of health, deranged by many and severe wounds, and having no means within myself to afford this faithful slave repose by turning him out, I am induced to seek your kind offices with our universally esteemed friend Lord Harcourt, to admit within his Lordship's rangership this worthy pensioner. I really consider this object of my solicitude would be an ornament among the cattle enjoying freedom and repose in the Royal domain of our beloved Monarch; and I am persuaded, should it not be in the power of my Lord Harcourt to meet this appeal in correspondence with my wishes, I shall have the benefit of his Lordship's forgiveness for this liberty, arising out of pure humanity, and an anxiety to pay the debt immense of endless gratitude to the animal that has carried me in safety through many a hard-fought day.

"Believe me to remain, with true regard, my dear Ramsbottom, yours sincerely and assuredly,

"JOHN ELEY.

"J. Ramsbottom, Esq., M. P., Windsor."

"It is almost needless to say that the request of the gallant officer was immediately acceded to by George the Fourth, and the old charger ended his days in the quiet shades of Windsor Park."

THE ZENANA, AND MINOR POEMS OF L. E. L.

ALTHOUGH the chief poem in the volume is very beautiful, both in composition and subject, and although the minor poems have shed over them the whole spirit and heart of the departed warbler, yet not less interesting than these is the very devotional and feeling memoir of the authoress from the pen of Miss Emma Roberts, who was the friend of Miss Landon's earlier days and the companion of her later ones. From this portion of the volume we cannot do less than extract the following remarks, which will be of the most seasonable interest to our readers:

Without in the slightest degree desiring to intrude opinions concerning the chances of happiness offered in my lamented friend's marriage, it seems to be due to Mr. Maclean to say, that as the governor of Cape Coast Castle, he has distinguished himself by every trait that could do honor to the station which he held, and that he possesses a wide circle of friends to whom he is endeared by all those qualities which can most justly recommend him to their esteem. If Miss Landon still retained her prejudice in favor of heroes, the perusal of Mr. Maclean's despatches was well calculated to awaken the first strong feeling. These documents can scarcely fail to inspire the highest sentiments of respect and admiration for the comprehensive mind, and daring spirit, which, with such inefficient means, could have achieved so much; while a more intimate acquaintance, must also deepen the impression in his favor; it can therefore be no subject of surprise that one who entertained so exalted a notion of the talents necessary to constitute the statesman and the soldier, should become unaffectedly and devotedly attached to him. No one could better appreciate than L. E. L. the high and sterling qualities of her lover's character, his philanthropic and unceasing endeavors to improve the condition of the natives of Africa; the noble manner in which he interfered to prevent the horrid waste of human life by the barbarian princes in his neighborhood; and the chivalric energy with which he strove to put an end to the slave trade. L. E. L. esteemed Mr. Maclean the more, in consequence of his not approaching her with the adulation with which her ear had been accustomed, to satiety; she was gratified by the manly nature of his attachment. Possessing, in her estimation, merits of the highest order, the influence which he gained over her promised, in the opinion of those who were best acquainted with the docility of her temper, and her ready acquiescence with the wishes of those she loved, to ensure lasting happiness. Before he would permit Miss Landon to enter into an engagement with him, Mr. Maclean, in the most honorable manner, stated all the privations incident upon a residence at Cape Coast Castle. No one could be more desirous that she should give the gravest consideration to the step she was about to take, or could more strongly impress upon her mind the magnitude of the sacrifice which she would make in accompanying him to the scene of his government. Ample time was permitted for her decision upon this most important point; while many of her friends endeavored to dissuade her from a purpose in which she must encounter the dangers of an unhealthy climate, and be subjected to the scarcely less trying evils to be endured in a remote colony; but she never for an instant wavered. With a perfect knowledge of the kind of life she would be obliged to lead, the entire seclusion from the society to which she had been accustomed, and the chance of not having a single female companion to cheer her solitude, she determined upon sharing the fortunes of the man she loved.

During an engagement of several months, Miss Landon possessed ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the temper and disposition of her affianced husband, and she had daily before her the means of judging whether she could be happy when domesticated with him upon a foreign and barbarous coast, a great portion of his time occupied by duties which would necessarily keep them apart, and dependent entirely upon her own resources for amusement. It may be added, that nothing of importance connected with Mr. Maclean's former residence in Africa was concealed from Miss Landon. Not being in possession of any other evidence than that which has appeared in the public prints, concerning the particulars of Mrs. Maclean's short residence at Cape Coast Castle, I cannot support my own opinion that its melancholy conclusion was wholly accidental, by stronger proofs. The regard which I entertain for the memory of my friend, renders it, however, my duty to state a few circumstances, not gen-

erally known, relating to her marriage, which at least will show that she quitted England a gay and happy bride, oppressed with no other sorrow than that which was occasioned by the pain of parting with her friends.

Being desirous to avoid the bustle and parade of a public wedding, and the necessity which custom demands of seclusion from society, which would have abridged L. E. L.'s enjoyment of a visit paid to a family to whom she was strongly attached, the marriage ceremony was performed privately, in the presence of a few of the relatives of the bride, who returned to the hospitable mansion, which she only quitted for the purpose of plighting her vows; remaining with her friends until her departure from England, Mr. Maclean not taking up his residence under the same roof, even after the marriage had been publicly announced. During this interval, those who were in the habit of seeing L. E. L. drew happy auguries from the gaiety and even joyousness which she manifested, the effect produced by the new hopes now cherished, being so striking, as to be universally remarked. At our last interview, a very short time before her departure, she assured me of her perfect happiness with a sincerity of look and manner which could not be doubted, and the impression thus left on my mind was one of the most cheerful nature. On the 1st of January, 1839, the newspapers announced the sudden death of Mrs. George Maclean, at Cape Coast Castle; and these melancholy tidings were followed by the report of an inquest which sat upon the body, and which attributed the fatal event to incaution in taking hydrocyanic acid while suffering under an attack of spasms.

No further light has since been thrown on the melancholy fate of my early friend.

E. R.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

We can but feebly fulfil the duties of a critic on the novelties that have been produced at this house during the week, for we are free to confess the fact, that for the life of us, we cannot summon courage to attend those worn-out, melancholy resuscitations of the old Bowery humbugs now introduced at the Park, in the vain hope of impressing the community with an appearance of spirited and liberal management. It will never do, and it is unworthy the character of the Park to make the useless attempt. The pieces and the remembrance of them should have been consigned to the same fate that overtook the edifice where they were first produced. They are shallow, meagre productions, characterised by pointless dialogue and empty verbiage, set off by tinsel and the poor accessories afforded by glaring and preposterous scenery. However, we will wait patiently the departure of the present incubus on the prosperity of the Park, in the glad hope of again witnessing the revival of the drama sustained by talent, and patronised by the liberal and refined audiences wont to congregate within the walls of "Drury."

THE NATIONAL.

The performances at this house seem to be a series of continual triumphs. They are triumphs too, achieved in one of the most difficult departments of theatrical amusement—that of opera. This argues well for the taste of the theatre-goers and the spirit of the management.

On Monday the house was absolutely overflowing to greet the stage manager and enjoy the ample bill of entertainments which had been announced. Mitchell begins to understand what all both Sock and Buskin should long ago have comprehended, that the mere putting up a man's name for a benefit, is a miserable means of filling the house. With judicious forecast, he not merely invited his friends, but provided an entertainment that was utterly irresistible with those who appreciate a good thing and know where to find it. The consequences have been mentioned.

The Marriage of Figaro and *Amilie* on alternate nights, still hold the town in admiration; although their continuance deprives us of the opportunity of noticing a novelty, we cannot ask the manager to lay them on the shelf so long as they afford the same satisfaction to overflowing houses.

We must here notice a practice at this house which has been gaining ground since the appearance of Miss Shirreff and Mrs. Seguin in the same opera, until at length it has become a nuisance, prominent and offensive to good taste. We allude to the habit of certain ambitious youths who are continually exalting their "sweet voices" in *encores*, in and out of season. If it be meant as a compliment, the frequent repetition deprives it of all point or grace. If it be to get "our money's worth," it should be recollected that it is done at the expense of giving pain to a lady and depriving her of that repose needful to fulfil with effect her *role* in the opera.

It is now expected that next week Mr. Wallack will resume his histrionic duties, and appear in the new play of "*The Usurer Matched*," by Mr. Willis. The play will be produced in the manager's best style, backed by the full strength of the company, and all the appointment for which the National has become so famous. Mr. Wallack will sustain the principal character—a part that affords every opportunity for the development of those peculiar and unrivalled abilities which have ever distinguished this eminent actor.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

A new and successful opera by John Barnett, has been presented to the lovers of music, at Drury Lane Theatre. Balfe and Miss Romer sustained the principal characters, and were well supported by Miss Poole,

Ginbelei (abasso) and Stretton. The name of the piece is "*Farinelli*," and is founded upon many interesting passages in the life of that accomplished musician, who by the charms of his voice removed the melancholy that clouded the mind of Philip, King of Spain, and was rewarded by being created Knight of Calatrava. The music is of a very high order, and the opera contains some choice *morceaux* which bid fair to become exceedingly popular.

At Covent Garden Theatree, a new a drama by Pocock, (the author of a dozen two act pieces) called the King and the Duke, or the siege of Alencor, was produced the same evening in generous rivalry of the sister establishment. It was well received and was running neck and neck with *Farinelli* when our last advices left England.

At the St. James Theatre (a minor) the manager presented the extraordinary exhibition of three new pieces on the same evening, all of which were successful.

Our old favorite Vandenhoff is *starring* at Manchester with his daughter, of whom reports speak very favorably. The Adelphi is much censured for producing a drama founded on the novel of "*Jane Lomax, or a Mother's Crime*." It is a disgusting affair, having several scenes closely resembling the tragedy of Macbeth. Mrs. Yates plays the sleep-walking lady from Dowgate Wharf, and looks very pretty in her night cap. Price need not trouble himself to send us a copy.

A new opera by Cooke, (the composer of *Amilie*) is in rehearsal at Covent Garden. Macready has engaged H. Phillips to enact the principal character.

THE GERMAN STAGE.

The representations at the German Theatre are, as in all other civilized countries, divided into three compartments; Opera, Ballet, and the regular Drama. As the taste of our play-going public now bears powerfully towards the first species of entertainment, we shall dilate upon it as fully as our own knowledge of the facts will permit, and defer to a future number our homage at the shrines of Terpsichore, Thalia, and Melpomene.

The best operatic representations of the present day, are at Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden-Baden. The theatre in this resort of fashion is supported by the liberality of the Grand Duke and by the influx of strangers who visit the Springs and Baths either for health or pleasure. On these boards are concentrated the united talents of Haizinger, Reichel and Madame Fischer, who stand high in the musical world, and are considered *quite* equal to the great Italian Triumvirate, Grisi, Lablache, and Rubini. Haizinger is a tenor, with a splendid voice, and sings in the most finished style of brilliancy; he is occasionally assisted by Madame Haizinger, a lady of first-rate talent, with whom he last year made a visit to St. Petersburg, and in less than six months cleared upwards of fifty thousand dollars. Reichel's voice is a basso, quite equal to Lablache, whom he greatly resembles in *size*, although only twenty-eight years of age. His compass of voice is greater than that of any living bass-singer, it comprises nearly three octaves, down to the *contra la*. Madame Fischer is a magnificent soprano, and in addition to her great vocal abilities, she possesses the natural gift of uncommon beauty of face and figure. Her delineation of Fidelio, (a part which poor Malibran almost made her own) equals that of the great German star of the day Madame Schröder-Devrient. We wish our readers to understand that the Italians cannot equal the Germans in singing the compositions of Mozart, Weber, Spohr, and others, nor can the Germans reach the excellence of the Italians in the master pieces of Rossini, Spontini, Bellini, &c. &c. The difference is manifest to those who have heard "*Don Juan*," "*Der Freischütz*," "*Otello*," "*La Vestale*," and "*La Sonnambula*." Mozart's music is intended to strike deep into the heart, and leave there, a vivid and lasting impression; the Italians destroy the effect by overloading it with too much ornament.

The greatest treat ever offered to the musical world was given by the "German Musical Society," lately, at Frankfort, on the Maine. Ten thousand persons were present; it lasted three days. This Society, which has its head quarters in Dusseldorf, comprises all the talent of Germany, and gives every year a grand Musical Festival in one of its great cities. Twelve hundred instrumental and as many vocal performers, form the band. The arena is in the open air. The programme presents the oratorios, symphonies, and the *chef d'œuvre* of Gluck, Handel, Haydon, Beethoven, Mozart, and others. The last leader of this colossal affair, was Mendelsohn Bertholdy, (a Hebrew) whose compositions are listened to with rapturous enthusiasm; his overture to Shakespeare's "*Midsummer-Night's Dream*," distances every thing of the present day of the kind.

The beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle Sontag, (now the Countess de Rossi), always assisted at these enchanting gatherings. Since her marriage with the Sardinian ambassador, she never sings, except when dispensing the offices of hospitality under her own roof. One exception we can state: when several towns in Germany were immersed in desolation by the sudden rising of the waters, a benefit concert for the indigent sufferers was set on foot. The amiable Countess instantly volunteered her services, which were accepted with delight. Her worthy example was followed by several of the nobility, and it was a cheering sight, in addition

to the heavenly strains that gratified all ears, to see amongst the performers the Countess de Rossi, the Baroness de Rothschild, and many others of equal rank and kindness of heart.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HENRY.

There perhaps never was any similar event which created such a joyful sensation throughout the Protestant states of Europe as did the birth of a son to James the Sixth of Scotland, (the First of England.) Ambassadors were despatched to the principal Sovereigns, inviting them to send Ambassadors to attend the ceremonial of the christening of this heir presumptive to the thrones of three powerful kingdoms, for it was generally understood that Elizabeth of England would name either James or a son of his (should he have one) to be her successor.

This invitation was immediately accepted by all the powers to whom it had been addressed, except France and England. At length an Ambassador was sent from France, and Elizabeth immediately followed the example. Elizabeth had delayed so long that she expected the ceremony would be over before the arrival of her Ambassador, in which case the Queen had instructed him not to deliver either presents or letters of congratulation; but James knew the importance of keeping up a good understanding with his jealous relative too well to throw any slight upon her, and accordingly the ceremony was delayed until the arrival of the English Ambassador, who was received with extraordinary marks of honor, he only of all the Ambassadors having a canopy borne over him in the procession, by six Scottish Peers.

The presents made by the Ambassadors in the name of their respective Courts were most magnificent, but none exceeded the respect and honor which was testified by their High Mightinesses the States of Holland.

Besides a magnificent gift to the Queen and the young Prince, the Hogens Mogens settled a pension of about three thousand a year upon the latter, an unparalleled honor, and showing the importance which was attached to cultivating a good understanding with the future Protestant successor of the right arm of the Reformation—Elizabeth. The care of the infant was committed to the Countess of Mar, much against the inclination of the Queen; for James, notwithstanding his many weaknesses, was sincerely attached to the Protestant cause, and he feared, with good reason, that the Queen would attempt to instil the principles of her own faith into the mind of her son, and, notwithstanding her many intrigues, Prince Henry* was always under the care of strict Protestant preceptors.

The extraordinary progress made by the young Henry in learning, was the admiration of Europe. The accounts given by the various Ambassadors resident at his father's court, of his wonderful progress in learning, and of his amiable disposition, as they were necessarily impartial, prove that the particular testimony of those who had better opportunities of knowing him, but who might be supposed to be influenced by sinister motives, was nothing but truth.

When he was seven years of age he wrote a letter of thanks to the States of Holland for the honor and kindness they had conferred upon him when he was too young to appreciate either. This letter was the composition of the Prince himself, and was elegant in its language and a most beautiful specimen of calligraphy. But it is unnecessary to trace further the progress of this promising Prince's education, all contemporary writers agree in attributing to him the most splendid talents and the most kingly virtues, and in prophesying that, had he lived to ascend the throne, he would have been one of the most renowned sovereigns that ever swayed the sceptre.

Passing over, therefore, the intermediate years of his life, we find him at the age of seventeen at the head of an establishment of his own at Oatlands, governing his family with all the gravity and wisdom which is usually attributed to age and experience only. Negotiations had been pending for his marriage with an Infanta of Spain, and also with the Court of France, respecting a daughter of the illustrious house of Bourbon. From the Prince's letters it appears that he had no choice, but was willing to marry either of the Princesses as political expediency might dictate. About this time Prince Henry had given a splendid entertainment to the ladies of the Court; among the most distinguished of these was the celebrated beauty, the Countess of Essex, who was afterwards divorced and married to the Earl of Rochester. The courtiers observed that the Prince distinguished this lady by the expression of unbounded admiration—he sighed and smiled, and sighed again. The Countess returned sigh for sigh, and smiled and blushed, and gave the Prince all the encouragement a lover could desire. In the course of the day he intimated to the Countess that, with her permission he would wait upon her ladyship the following morning. The lady acquiesced, and the next morning when the Prince ordered horses for Essex House, the gentlemen of his household felt convinced that the heart of the Prince was won.

After this day the Prince was a constant visitor at Essex House, seldom a day passed but he left Oatlands accompanied by a single servant. Rumor was busy; the scandalous chroniclers of that day declared that the virtuous-minded Prince was no better than his neighbors—that he was the successful lover of the Countess of Essex. More liberal historians insisted that his connection with the Countess was perfectly Platonic.

Both classes were wrong; we are enabled to give the true version of a very mysterious affair; we will explain the cause of that melancholy which preyed upon this amiable and accomplished Prince, and ultimately brought him to an untimely grave.

Anne Willoughby resided with her half-cousin the Countess of Essex. Of the particular style of her beauty there are no accounts extant, neither do we know that she was accomplished or talented; we have a right to believe that she was both, for the most accomplished Prince of the age became smitten with her. When Prince Henry paid his first visit to Essex House, he was undoubtedly touched with the charms of the Countess. Love is impatient, and he was an hour earlier at his destination than was expected. The Countess was not prepared to receive her youthful admirer;

she deputed her kinswoman, Anne Willoughby, to do the honors to the Prince; she little thought that the charms of the little girl would eradicate the impression of her own more mature ones. However, so it was. Miss Willoughby was still younger than the Prince; she was bashful to excess; the Prince admired modesty! When the Countess appeared, adorned in the most splendid manner, to do honor to her guest, her day had passed—the Prince was seated by Anne Willoughby, earnestly engaged in conversation, so earnestly that he did not observe the Countess's entrance. The lady hostess was mortified at first, but having worldly wisdom enough to see that an expression of it would be useless, if not injurious, she determined to do all in her power to encourage the Prince's evident passion for her cousin. Princes seldom woo in vain; the youthful Henry, after a time, declared his passion for Miss Willoughby; he was assured of its reciprocity. Think not, reader, that Prince Henry's principles deserted him now. No, he made Anne Willoughby his wife. His chaplain, Mr. Hale, (afterwards the Bishop) performed the ceremony. The marriage was kept a profound secret. The Prince paid daily visits to his young wife. The Essex family drank largely of his bounty. Henry only waited for a reasonable excuse for breaking off negotiations with the Court of France, in order to declare his marriage. But who can avert the decrees of fate? The Princess of Wales was seized with the small-pox, and became its martyr. Prince Henry was inconsolable. He was observed often to sigh and mourn—"melancholy marked him for her own." The most horrible rumors prevailed; it was said that slow poison had been administered to him by order of the King, his father, who was jealous of his popularity; all the skill of the physicians was unavailable, and this amiable Prince died in the year of our Lord 1612, at the age of eighteen years and eight months, to the regret of all the civilized world. On a *post mortem* examination it was proved that there was not the slightest ground for the belief that poison had been administered; his lungs were ulcerated—he died of consumption—hastened, if not brought on, by excessive grief.

LORD BYRON AT PISA.

Two distinguished French *literati*, M. Jules Janin and M. Poujoulat, have just published observations upon the character or life of the illustrious author of "Childe Harold." The latter gentleman, who is now travelling in Italy, has recently written from Pisa a letter, from which we extract the following passages illustrative of the principal occurrence which marked Lord Byron's stay in the Tuscan dominions:

Often, in our walks along the quay upon the right bank of the Arno, I pass before the Palace Lanfranc, which Lord Byron inhabited in 1822. It is alleged in a recently published novel that *cupidity* now turns to account at the Palace Lanfranc the recollections of the English poet. This is a mistake. Since Lord Byron's passage the Palace has been bought by a wealthy nobleman of Tuscany, who makes it his residence, and *cupidity* does not open its gates. Do you wish to know how the author of "Childe Harold" lived at Pisa? He rose late, because he wrote at night; it was from midnight to three o'clock that he coined money in his poetical laboratory, as he himself expresses it, for you know that his verses were as bills of exchange drawn upon London at sight. He was wont, it is said, to kindle his inspirations with spirituous liquors. I think, nevertheless, that he had other means, since he composed at night; the aspect of the beautiful starred heavens was much better calculated to rouse his genius than the use of the best Britannic spirits. From eleven to noon Byron took his first meal; meat was always excluded from his food. The reason given by him for that regimen was, that meat rendered him ferocious; but the real motive might be found in his dread of *embonpoint*. The man whom his lameness made so unhappy had, as is well known, great pretension to beauty of forms. He would have exchanged many years of his life for the ideal perfection of Apollo, and to have an infirmity forgotten which cast so much bitterness upon his mind, and was, perhaps, the first cause of his gloomy humor, of his deep hatred of society and man.

After his meal at twelve, the poet, accompanied by some English friends, mounted his horse, and rode through the country around Pisa. The usual amusement of the party was to fire pistols at *paoli* (little silver coins of the country) which were thrown up in the air. Byron was an expert shot, and seldom missed. As night approached, the party re-entered the town. The poet took his second repast between seven and eight. His evenings were spent at the house of Madame Guiccioli, situate in another quarter of Pisa. At eleven o'clock he returned to the Palace Lanfranc, and resumed his nocturnal labors. Thus lived Byron on the banks of the Arno. He received little company, and carried his aristocratic hautiness to the utmost height, which, however, did not prevent his professing the most liberal doctrines, and his replying to a courteous invitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in the coarse democratic words—"I do not like Kings!"

Byron's life thus passed peacefully at Pisa, when, on the 21st of March, 1822, an unpleasant occurrence disturbed it; I allude to the affair of Sergeant Masi, which has been variously told in England, and which I can detail in all its truth. Stephen Masi, of Tuscan origin, was Sergeant-Major in the company of Horse Chasseurs, and then quartered at Pisa; he is not a Knight of the Legion of Honor, as has been said, but he served with distinction under French colors in the time of Napoleon. Masi still lives, and resides at Pisa. Having asked to see a man who by chance has exercised much influence over the destiny of a great poet, he was brought to us. He is forty-six years old; his countenance is an open one, beaming with good nature and honesty. Masi related to us the occurrence of the 21st March; I will let him tell his own story.

It was, said the sergeant, towards sunset; I was returning on horseback from a country excursion, and had arrived within a quarter of an hour's ride from Pisa, on the side of the Alle Piazze gate; I saw the road before me occupied and invaded by a party of persons on horseback, who were slowly returning to the town; it was Lord Byron and his friends, as I since learned, for I had never heard his name uttered before; and in my humble life of a garrison I was but ill acquainted with the great poets of the day. I was obliged to re-enter Pisa as soon as possible, for I had to order out for the night a guard of fifteen soldiers at the theatre. I therefore endeavored to make way through the cavalcade, but the road continued closed upon

* He was named Frederick-Henry, Henry-Frederick, but was never addressed or styled otherwise than Henry.

me, and not one of the gentlemen would move aside. I perceived, on the contrary, that they derided my impatience and seemed disposed to laugh at me. At length I lost all patience. My horse, a spirited animal, and which I had hitherto had some pains to restrain, rapidly passed along the side of the road, over heaps of stones intended for its repair. None of the party had seemed to take any notice of the noise made by my horse as he went over the stones. However, as I rapidly went by I happened to touch one of them. I know not whether it was Lord Byron, and the shake made his hat fall to the ground. I rode on, when suddenly Lord Byron's courier, spurring his horse, designedly touched my leg rather strongly. I feigned not to understand his meaning, and uttered not a word.

An instant after the whole party surrounded me. They asked satisfaction for the insult they said they had sustained, Lord Byron and a Colonel with huge mustachios, gave me their cards, and required mine. I replied that I had no cards, that my name was Masi, Sergeant-Major in the company of Horse Chasseurs, and that I had never shrunk from a duel. But Lord Byron and the Colonel insisted upon having my card, or at least my name in writing. I continued to answer that my name was Masi, and that that must suffice. I was then thirty years of age, I was stout and not afraid. Suddenly one of the horsemen struck me with his horsewhip; it scarcely touched me, but the blow was hit and the insult consummated; my blood was up, I drew my sword, and with the side of it dismounted every one of them. "That man is a devil," said the discomposed Englishman. A lady who was in a carriage, and who seemed to know the gentlemen (it was Madame Guiccioli), on seeing Lord Byron off his horse, cried, "The Lord have pity on us!"

I entered the town, warned the guard at the Alle Piazze gate of the occurrence, and had a *procès-verbal* of it drawn up. While advancing alone on the quay of the Arno, a warning reached me that my life was in peril, and I was advised not to proceed to the quay, but to go across the bridge near the Alla Piazze gate. I listened not to what I was told, but pursued my course towards the Lanfranc Palace, not aware that it was Lord Byron's residence. Suddenly several Englishmen surrounded me. At first I made them believe that I had a pair of pistols at my saddle, and threatened to blow out the brains of any who should approach me. The stratagem at first was of some effect. Some little time afterwards an Englishman rushed towards me with a pistol, but I grasped him in my arms, and prevented his firing. In the mean time the town was in a commotion; the people of Pisa were mustering towards the Lanfranc Palace. Amidst the confusion, a man who had come out of Lord Byron's palace, pierced my side with a double-edged weapon, forming part of a cane. I did not see the man, and in my agitated condition was, as it were, apprised of the blow but by the blood which flowed. I was carried to the nearest hospital; the surgeon, Vacca, whom we have since lost, and whose tomb you may have seen at the Campo-Santa, was called for; he declared my wound a mortal one, and that I had scarcely twenty-four hours to live.

Next day Lord Byron sent me his surgeon and a hundred louis in gold, with the message that he deplored the misfortune, and knew not who the assassin was. I declined seeing the English surgeon, and returned Lord Byron's money, with the reply that I wanted not his assistance, that my pay sufficed me, adding that if I died not of my wound I should go and require satisfaction of him for it, and if I died, others would avenge me. Lord Byron said that he did not know him who had wounded me; perhaps he knew him not, but that individual was nevertheless one of his household. I have said that the town had been in a commotion; it became a very serious affair; the students had assembled and wanted to discover the guilty party, and the Commandant of Pisa was at much trouble in restraining the company of Chasseurs, who wanted to avenge their sergeant. The Governor of Pisa threw into prison all the servants of Lord Byron, and ordered all his companions to quit the town, granting a delay to his Lordship. My recovery was a very long one; but as you see I still live, in spite of the celebrated Vacca's decree; nevertheless my misfortune has been heavy, for my military career has been interrupted, and I am the father of a family. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who has so frequently made me relate this occurrence, has given me a pension of fifty francs a month. Often, also, English travellers will have me tell the story, saying that I am more talked of in London than the Holy Father is in Rome."

While Masi went through his narrative, his countenance displayed much animation, and now and then he wiped off a tear. I remarked that not a bitter word against Lord Byron escaped the poor sergeant's lips.—

"My portrait," said he, "has circulated in London, and I will tell you how. Two years after my mishap I had become a retailer of tobacco. One day an Englishman entered my shop and bought a parcel of cigars. He paid for the parcel, but wished to leave it with me, stipulating that he should come and fetch the cigars one by one as he might want them. Every time the Englishman entered my shop, he looked at me with extraordinary attention. The parcel of cigars was nearly exhausted, when I was informed that my picture had been made, and was most like me."

According to Masi's account, Lord Byron's servants were released without the name of the assassin being discovered; it has remained a mystery. It has been insinuated that Masi might have been struck by Lord Byron's commands. We believe that insinuation one of the numerous calumnies with which has been loaded the memory of a poet who unhappily was not always free from reproach. Byron's wrongs in this affair may be reduced to those resulting from the Tuscan sergeant's simple and veracious narrative.

The unfortunate accident of the 21st of March had changed Lord Byron's life at Pisa; his companions were dispersed; he remained alone, the object of public ill-will. His desire may be conceived to quit a town where a man struck by one of his followers was suffering. Byron went and spent several weeks at Montenero, in the vicinity of Leghorn; he occupied a villa called Casa Rosa, and found again there his young friend Gamba, Madame Guiccioli's brother. His days were melancholy at Montenero; deprived of his dear Ada, he had attached himself to a natural daughter named Allegra, whom he considered the solace of his life; the poor young creature was, however, doomed to but a transient appearance in this world; she died at Bagnacavallo on the 22d of April, aged only five years and months. Her remains were conveyed to and interred in England.

Fresh circumstances, which it is useless to record, brought on a severe decision against young Gamba; he was ordered to quit Tuscany in three days. The Government had expected that Byron would follow his friend, but he suffered Gamba to depart for Genoa, and came back to Pisa. Yet the poet thought of quitting the banks of the Arno; Tuscany afforded him no longer any repose nor charms. * * * Whilst uncertain as to what he should do, melancholy news reached him. On the 8th of July, his two friends, Shelly and William Smith, were drowned in the Gulf of Spezza. It was but fifteen days after their bodies were found on the shore, four miles one from the other. * * * Two months after he had reduced their remains to ashes, Byron took up his residence at Genoa, in the Palace Albaro. It was there he remained until his departure for Greece, where death awaited him. His stay at Pisa may be viewed as the last joys and last inspirations of this great poet; it is the last good page of his life in Europe. Tuscany also beheld the commencement of that series of vicissitudes which darkened the horizon of his days. The months spent at Genoa were a time of agitation and agony, though mingled with some love pastime. Byron was weary of his destiny; the West had nothing more to offer him; anxious to have done with Europe he hesitated between America and Greece; he decided for Greece because there was some noise of glory in that direction. There was some despair mingled with that adventurous pilgrimage: Byron left Europe nearly as life is deserted in evil days.

EXTRACT FROM THE LOG.

On the second week of our cruise, while sailing before the wind, the cry of "A sail ho!" was heard from the lookout at the mast-head. Orders were passed to lay the Corsair alongside the stranger, and inquire her destination and plunder. On reaching the deck of the alarmed craft, Capt. Top instantly discovered he was on board the "Spirit," a ship of the first class, in which he had often sailed, but so newly painted, rigged, and sumptuously fitted up, that for a moment he was lost in admiration. The officers of the "Spirit" courteously overlooked the unceremonious visit of an old messmate, and bade him welcome. Conscious, however, of Captain Top's motives in boarding, and being disposed for a little fun, the captain of the Spirit remarked, with a sly expression about his eye, that there was one man on board, whom they had discovered in the hold the second day out, whom he desired to punish for his impudence. He was ordered aft, and delivered over to the tender mercies of Capt. Top, who, on searching his pockets, found them utterly void, with the exception of a single manuscript in a lady's hand, snugly hid away in his fob. The poor devil was doubtless an editor, running away from his never-paying subscribers, and had either forgotten to give "more copy" to "the devil," or what seemed to Capt. Top most probable, had stored up this little fragment to remind him in a distant land, of the duties he had escaped, the starvation that threatened him, and the talent of his fair contributors. With a sailor's magnanimity, the captain gave him a guinea, sent him forward, but ordered the manuscript to be retained, to read at his leisure in the Divan of the Corsair. After punishing a few tumblers of his friends' brandy, Capt. Top took leave, and returning on board his own gallant craft, ordered the unfortunate editor's manuscript to be inserted verbatim on the Corsair's log. Here it is:

"A few days since, a fairy packet was left on our table, sealed with a couchant hyena in amber sealing wax, addressed in woman's capitals to 'York's tall son.' The envelope was burst in a twinkling, and the following precious bit of Spanish nonsense flung at our head. 'We think we can lay our finger upon the saucy flirt that with such jealous commisera-
tion for our bachelor condition, has consigned us to the tomb, and breathed a coronach so graceful over our remains. The enjoined pencil-mark, "strictly private," is no go, my blue-eyed, golden-haired satirist! I shall show up your high popillorum Castilian Dutch without any mercy! Where or how did you get possession of our middle name? Symphonious, is'n't it? Shall I dare to praise (think thee, Miss Othello) the rare and brilliant Clif-
ton again in your presence? But here you are in print:—

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is with no ordinary number of Belshazzar shakes, that I approach the high-legged stool of your criticism, with a few long-buried "Extracts from an unpublished Opera," cherished' alas, from maidenly reserve, in the solitary sunshine of my own estimation. You may, perhaps, be surprised that I have chosen you as the arbiter of my fate. Believe me, sir, with no intent "to flatter or to woo," that a certain dash of refinement and good-humor attached to your name, with the no less flattering addition of pure gallantry to the softer sex, and a pair of sagacious whiskers, have given confidence to my fluttering aspirations, and induced me to throw my garland at your feet. Santa Biesca be my guide!

ACT I.—SCENE I.—AT THE SEIGE OF BAZA.

Enter Palcheca, *Donna Josefina*, and *Page*.

Don Palcheca. I pray you pardon me, fair niece of mine,
If I express in phrase too soldierly,
My keen regret that the fresh flow
Of your affections set so strong
In favor of the Moorish knight,
El Trotter. I grieve to find
The child of my adoption stoop to praise
That restless foeman of our race and faith.
But see! the Lombard's meteor flash

Gives startling signal of a new assault.
 Fair Josefina ! choicest niece of mine,
 Heed my paternal counsels.—My armor, boy !
 Why tarry I, to coin choice phrases for a lady's ear ?
 I'll arm en blanco.—Adjust my morion !
 Gird on my trenchant sword ; with trusty battle-axe
 I fight for our good queen, Castile, and victuals.

[*Exit Don Pal. and Page.*]

Donna Josefina. Ah, hapless Fate ! to love and be beloved, yet
 That fortune winks unkindly on our vows ! [know
 How changed my life ! When first I joined
 The brilliant train of peerless Isabel,
 I walked in pomp and beauty, fancy free.
 Alas, that Love, the idol of my song,
 Should steal so soon the rosa from my lip !
 How shall I yield to duty, and resist the suit
 Of this enchanting knight ?
 'Tis strange that midst the tumult of red war,
 Young Love could build his nest ?

(*Exit, singing.*)
 No estas di mi adorado ?
 Art thou not my idolatrada ?
 Mi amigo deschi chado,
 Oh, I love thee like cebada !

SCENE II.—A PRIVATE DRESSING-CHAMBER.

(*Enter El Trotter and Senor Lathero.*)

El Trotter. Oh, barbarous man ! you've vilely curl'd
 The whisker on my cheek ;
 With what unequal hand you've twirl'd
 The tongs, my locks do plain bespeak.
 How can a knight in these dull days
 Resemble lords of gold,
 Unless upon his jowls there plays
 A moustache fierce and bold ?

Sen. Lath. My patron ! by St. Nicholas,
 I take an oath and swear,
 That naught could so well tickle us,
 Or suit me to a hair,
 As to your pointed chin and lip
 To give such martial grace,
 That beauty's self would love to sip
 The tounre of your face.
 The Balm of Mecca will I pour
 Upon your glowing chin ;
 You'll shine like Moses then, old Moor,
 So cease palavering !

El Trotter. Mars ! since you promise me so much,
 In way of style and show,
 I'll yield to thy Ithuriel touch,
 That I may win faij Joe.
 But if the tenth part of a hair
 Thou dost for me displace ;
 Or mar my locks so debonaire,
 Or rob me of one grace,
 I'll powder thee with puff and ball,
 As oft I do my foes ;
 By Jupiter, I'll bravely haul
 Your long Romaic nose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A SCENE IN THE "GARDENS OR ORCHARDS."
 (*Enter El Trotter and Donna Josefina.*)

El Trotter. Fairest star of eve ! my sainted Joe !
 For thee I worship with as love sincere
 As do the Christian hosts the silver cross
 Which pious Ferdinand so lofty bears
 In these dire conflicts ;
 Full many a fairy form and brilliant glance
 Have won my transient homage, but to thee,
 My lily, sweeter than that of glorious Palestine,
 I yield the tribute of my deepest sigh.
 Come fly with me, my fair ; we'll leave these groves,
 Which soon your king will give to devastation,
 And make our bower of love
 In fair Betista's realm !

(*El Trotter sings.*)
 My breastplate, love, is soft, you know,
 My helmet's on the lea,
 My sword is waltzing a bolero,
 My spurs are full of glee.
 My saddle-cloth of gold and blue
 Is stuff'd with eider-down ;
 Give me your palm, with a touch like dew,
 We'll haste from Baza's crown.
 In a jimpay crack trainneau,
 Soon we'll skim at eventide,
 Or sitting fondly dos a dos,
 Sweetly dawdle side by side !
 O come with me, my Joe !

(*A petard is suddenly let off, and El Trotter falls dead.*)

Donna Josefina. He's lost to the cloister !
 He's lost to the sastre !
 Like a summer-sunn'd oyster,
 Or frail china aster !
 The dew reascending,

Fresh splendor may borrow,
 To us no mirth lending,
 To Trotter no morrow.

On grief's azure throne,
 With cypress-bound tresses,
 I'll breathe the sad moan
 For thy farewell caresses.
 Then light my dim altar,
 Fair as yellowest amber,
 While lute and voice falter,
 In my turreted chamber.

(*Exit Donna Josefina, weeping.—Curtain falls.*)

LITERATURE.

Lady Blessington, whose charming pen has of late been steeped in the waters of fiction and romance, announces a new work : "The Idler in Italy." It will treat of subjects which came under her Ladyship's immediate notice, and pourtray with the fair authoress' wonted power, every object likely to have attracted her elegant and accomplished mind. Italian society is little known either in England or in this country, and we may, therefore, look forward with pleasure to a work which will enlighten us on the subject.

Mrs. Trollope has thrown down the gauntlet to Boz, in a promised novel, to be called "Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy." She says she intends to use her best powers in the cause of white negro emancipation.

Monsieur Thiers, one of the late ministers in the Cabinet of St. Cloud, is publishing, "The History of Florence." This gentleman has given to the world a "History of the French Revolution," a work of great spirit.

Longman, Orme & Co. have sent forth a novel by Charles J. Boyle, called "Love's Exchange." It is excellent, the plot is well contrived, and the pourtrayal of character vivid and bold.

■■■ We find on our table "The Author's Printing and Publishing Assistant," a most invaluable little work to all tyros in correcting proof. It will supply a vacuum long felt by those ignorant of "the great art of civilization"—printing, and we acknowledge ourselves among those most likely to derive instruction from its suggestions.

PRESCOTT'S HISTORY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

An able European critic thus sums up his review of this great historical production of our young countryman.

"We shall here conclude by stating, generally, that Mr. Prescott's work is one of the most successful historical productions of our time. Besides the merits which we have already alluded to, the author possesses one, which, in our opinion, is worth all the rest—that is, impartiality. The inhabitant of another world, he seems to have shaken off all the prejudices of ours ; he has written a history without party spirit, and without bias of any sort. In a word, he has, in every respect, made a most valuable addition to our historical literature.

"The peculiar circumstances under which the work was composed, make it still more worthy of our consideration—and, indeed, an object of wonder. Soon after his undertaking had been commenced, Mr. Prescott, as he informs us in the preface, was deprived of the use of his eyes ; so that it was only with the assistance of a reader, uninitiated in any other language but his own, that the author had to work his way through a number of Castilian folios. He afterwards procured a more competent person to help him in his historical investigations ; and at last, after ten years of assiduous labor, saw his historical task crowned with success.

Consequent on the retirement of Lord Glenelg, (whose name reads the same backwards and forwards), we find the Colonial Department of the British Cabinet under the control of the Marquis of Normanby, late Earl of Mulgrave, and originally Viscount Normanby, the author of two fashionable novels : "Yes or No," and "Matilda."

PROSPECTUS

OF THE CORSAIR ;

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THEY see their way very clearly without crowding upon the track of any weekly periodical, and abstaining from more particular professions, they take leave to assure their friends, that if the harvest of event, wit, genius and poetry, fail not over the world, they can hardly fail to furnish them with an agreeable paper.

New-York, January 8, 1839.

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N. B. The Editors do not contemplate establishing permanent agencies, preferring to risk the few casualties of the mail, and they invite their friends to address them directly through this medium. But they will allow a commission of 20 per cent, to those agents or canvassers, who transmit, with the name and residence of the subscriber, the amount of one year's subscription, deducting the commission.

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